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The Week

THERE are two chief elements in the mistrial brought about in the Fall-Sinclair case. One of these is the assertion of a juror, Edward K. Kidwell, that, in case of a hung jury or an acquittal, he expected to get "a car a block long." It is not yet proved that this statement was anything more than the idle remark of a loose talker, and the public should hold a suspended judgment unless and until it is proved that some sinister transaction lay behind it. But the investigation of the jurors by Burns detectives is on quite another footing. It has been shown that eleven of the twelve jurors were the object of careful surveillance and extensive written reports. It has also been shown that these reports went to one of Harry Sinclair's employees. This man, called before the grand jury, protested his innocence of any wrong-doing, but coupled this with a refusal to testify, on the ground that he might incriminate himself. What interpretation would Mr. Sinclair wish the public to put on this incident? That the investigation of the jurymen, costing thousands of dollars, was undertaken solely out of idle curiosity? No sensible man will believe it. Either this investigation was for the purpose of finding which of the jurors could be "reached," and how, or it was the work of a group of madmen.

A NATION-WIDE conference on the cause of crime was in session in Washington last week while this was taking place. We hope its members found food for thought in the Fall-Sinclair trial. One reason for lack of respect for the law is, undoubtedly, the general belief that as administered in America today it does not represent even-handed justice. It is said that, if you have money enough, you can buy your way out of almost any legal predicament. Well, here is one of the outstanding scandals of American public life, the most notorious, if not the worst, since the Grant administration. Five years after the offense took place, what do we find? Not one of the participants has yet suffered any legal penalty, though monetary losses have been incurred in connection with the compulsory restoration of the oil lands to the government. Two of the chief witnesses have spent three years in France, thumbing their noses at the American judicial system, and thus far, nothing has been done to them. One of the defendants, Mr. Sinclair, has been sentenced to two months in prison, not for the Teapot Dome transaction but because he refused to testify before a Senate committee. This sentence, less than the term customarily visited upon a hungry man who takes a loaf of bread, has not yet been served, and there is no guarantee that it ever will. And now the trial of Fall and himself breaks down because of espionage, directed against the members of the jury by persons in his employ. For the sake of American justice, it is necessary that, when this case is tried again, it shall be carried to a conclusion which will satisfy the conscience of the people.

AS often happens with debaters, Mr. Parker Gilbert and the German government were in the main discussing different subjects in their recent exchange of notes. Mr. Gilbert said that Germany is borrowing too much abroad and spending too much at home, in view of its obligations under the Dawes Plan. He objects to the system of gathering funds

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into the national treasury and then redistributing them to the states and communes, as tending to encourage reckless expenditure. The government replies that the money borrowed abroad is amply secured, and is being used for productive purposes. Of specific expenditures criticized by Gilbert, some will not begin until a distant date, others are definitely ordered in the Treaty of Versailles, and others, having to do with increases in salaries of state officials, are necessitated by "political pressure"—which every American ought to understand. The government insists it has not been reckless in its expenditures. It points out that the great problem is to reduce the excess of imports over exports, and that progress is being made in this direction. Still more capital is needed to extend agricultural production and reduce imports further; and a reduction of tariff walls by other nations (can this refer to the United States?) is necessary to permit the needed expansion of German exports.

THE two notes are, in large part, quite compatible. The government, of course, overlooks the fact that foreign loans, even though used for productive purposes, release domestic capital for other and less praiseworthy purposes. Mr. Gilbert ignores the consideration that much of what he has to say about extravagant and wasteful methods would apply quite as well to the American government, or, indeed, to any other. And finally, both of them ignore the facts that, heretofore, reparations payments have been made chiefly out of borrowed money; that this borrowing cannot go on indefinitely; that the annual payments are about to rise to the enormous sum of $625,000,000 a year; that, despite the progress made in reducing imports, Germany still has an unfavorable balance of trade. The logical conclusion from this set of facts is disregarded because it is highly unpalatable; and officialdom always prefers to let unpalatable truths announce themselves at the last possible moment.

IN THE October issue of The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle, there is an article by Capt. George L. Darte which is worth the attention of those who are interested in American intellectual and academic standards. The object of this article is to describe and expose the "baleful socialistic propaganda" which is now corrupting the minds and morals of students in American universities. Now there is, of course, no reason why anybody who disbelieves strongly in socialism or anything like it should not write and, if possible, publish a wholly indiscriminate and ignorant indictment of such doctrine, but Captain Darte's article is not an ordinary unfavorable discussion of socialism. Nor is The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle an ordinary quarterly magazine. It is the continuation of a publication which was founded by Benjamin Franklin. It is now published by the Alumni Association of the University of Pennsylvania, and it is, to all appearances, an authorized, if not an official, publication of that university. Yet it gives space to an article such as Captain Darte's, which, in ostensibly discussing "the socialistic trend in education," violates every standard of sound intellectual and scholarly procedure. It is peculiarly anomalous that such an article should appear in a magazine whose founder was the first and probably the best American liberal, and who, above everything else, was tolerant of differences of opinion and scrupulously fair to his opponents.

CAPTAIN Darte in this article proves himself to be merely an ignorant collector of gossip about the educational activities of socialists, and a mere purveyor of epithets. He begins by declaring that "Socialism is Communism." He identifies with the Socialists and, consequently, with the Communists, those who "speak in tearful terms as to Mexico, the Cantonese and revolutionists in many lands" and who "criticize the President and Secretary of State." He attacks the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom, and declares it is "well substantiated" that "the fight against military training is Communist-inspired." He describes as an apparent example of Socialist and consequently Communist propaganda a book, edited by Professor Leon Marshall of the University of Chicago, and entitled "Industrial Society," which contains 414 selected readings by 219 authors. He discovers, to his horror, that "well over one half of the volume is the work of American and European sociologists whose theories concerning business and industry range all the way from mildly socialistic to the other extreme of anarchy—Communism." He gives, as examples of writers whom it is dangerous to quote for the edification of American students, Josephine Goldmark, Walton Hamilton, Roscoe Pound and James Harvey Robinson. It is appropriate enough for this kind of nonsense to appear in alarmist super-patriotic publications, but it is humiliating for an authoritative publication of one of the greatest universities in the country to degrade itself by publishing, and consequently endorsing, so silly an example of educational "sociology."

LAST week's municipal elections in Great Britain increased by a hundred the seats held by Labor party representatives. Too much emphasis should not, of course, be laid upon this result. The elections were in the urban districts, where Labor strength is concentrated; the contests were of a type in which Liberal and Conservative are not greatly interested, whereas the working man votes as a matter of party loyalty. Last year's Labor gain was still greater, by 50 percent. When all these discounts have been made, however, there remains a solid Labor victory, which is of additional importance because every day that passes shows more clearly how bankrupt of ideas and leadership is the present Conservative government.

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THE refusal of the Supreme Court of the United States to take jurisdiction in the Willett-Sears case brings to a close a litigation that has afforded most penetrating glimpses into modern finance. Our readers may recall that the facts of this case, as found by the jury, were set forth in these pages, on January 21, 1925, by Messrs. Felix Frankfurter and James M. Landis in an article entitled "Bankers and the Conspiracy Law." The essence of the case was the claim by Willett and Sears, who had built up important factories in New England, that a powerful group of banking interests, taking advantage of the financial needs of Willett, Sears and Company, had unlawfully combined to interfere with the access of these manufacturers to the credit market. The unified tactics of the bankers in refusing to extend credit upon reasonable terms, the exertion of their combined pressure when they realized that the manufacturers were financially sick, with a view to acquiring in an unconscionable way a business potentially profitable, whereby they eventually "purchased" factories with an established earning capacity of over $1,000,000 a year for $625,000, were held unjustifiable as a matter of law, for which a jury in December, 1924, assessed $10,534,109.07 as compensation. This was the result of a year's trial, presided over by a judge of esteemed reputation.

LAST March, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts reversed this result, and ordered that a verdict be directed for the defendants. This it did, not by controverting the adequacy of the proof of the conspiracy by which the bankers obtained control of very profitable factories. The Court expressly withheld opinion upon the existence of the unlawful combination which the jury had found. The verdict was nullified because the Supreme Court held that a release given to the bankers by Willett and Sears subsequent to the acquisition of their properties for any cause "whatsoever from the beginning of the world to the date of these presents" was, as a matter of law, unrelated to any earlier conspiracy and completely exonerated the bankers for responsibility for such conspiracy. And law, apparently, according to the Massachusetts doctrine in this case, is unrelated to morality. For the Court ruled that "we are concerned only with the legal rights of the parties, and cannot deal with the ethics of the situation."

THE plaintiffs thereupon invoked the reviewing power of the Supreme Court at Washington, on the theory that this decision on commercial law in the Massachusetts Court involved the denial of a federal constitutional right. It was to have been expected that the Supreme Court of the United States would not find a constitutional question in this case. But the claim made by Willett's counsel in their formal petition to the Supreme Court deserves to be quoted:

> The Full [Massachusetts] Court arrived at its decision by arbitrary assertions negatived by the record that certain testimony and evidence was lacking, notwithstanding a recital of the same with supporting references to the record was brought to the Court's attention by the plaintiffs' brief, by arbitrary refusals to accept or consider findings of fact made by the jury on competent evidence and under appropriate instructions, by substituting for such findings unwarranted and unreasonable inferences of fact which it drew from the evidence, by unwarranted refusals and omissions to apply to the case fundamental principles of law of general application to all, too well established by its decisions in cases against less important and influential defendants to be debatable, and by assertions so plainly untenable as to be mere devices for freeing the defendants from their just liability to the plaintiffs.

It only needs to be added that this charge against the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court is made by three leading lawyers of the Boston bar, Sherman L. Whipple, Boyd B. Jones and Joseph Wiggin. Mr. Wiggin, it will be recalled, is the personal adviser of Governor Fuller, who in the Sacco and Vanzetti case found everything perfect with the Massachusetts Courts.

A MEMORIAL to President Coolidge has been prepared by members of the Porto Rican legislature asking that, in future, governors of Porto Rico be elected and not appointed. The President is requested to recommend to Congress the enactment of legislation to bring this about, beginning in 1932. The legislators declare that their people are now entirely fit for self-government. They profess satisfaction with the treatment they have received from the Coolidge administration, but—evidently with the grotesque appointments of Harding in mind—they express fear lest the next President should make an appointment merely in order to pay a political debt, and send them a governor who is both ignorant of, and unsympathetic toward, their needs. It is of great significance that their plea has the endorsement of the present governor.

AT LAST, a public man has dared to utter a heretical but wholesome truth about population growth. Neville Chamberlain, member of the British Cabinet in charge of the housing question, says that he observes with pleasure the decline in the English birth rate (now the lowest in the world) and looks forward hopefully to a time when the population will have become stationary. Then, he says, the housing problem will have been solved. He might have added that a host of other problems would also be solved or would disappear, if this condition ever became general among the chief nations of the world. Expanding population is made the excuse for all the worst practices of imperialism, and then provides the cannon-fodder, when soldiers are needed to back up the imperialist's plans.

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The Source of Anti-Britishism

MAYOR Thompson of Chicago does not seem to have had much success in promoting an organization of 100 percent Americans who are pledged to prevent their country from being contaminated by British propaganda. Many of his peers laughed irreverently at his exhortation to join him in his patriotic crusade. Outside of Chicago, he is for the most part regarded as a political buffoon. That is the way in which he should be regarded. It would be a mistake to consider his antics as the evidence of a robust fear or suspicion of Great Britain among any large fraction of the American people; and, if they interpret it in that way, English observers will miss the point. Yet in spite of its frivolity, Mayor Thompson's anti-British vaudeville act calls for explanation as well as derision. Why does his demagogy obtain this particular expression? Are there any important political or racial groups in Chicago or elsewhere in this country which are really afraid that American loyalty is being undermined by British propaganda? If so, what is the source of this illusion? And what is the psychological explanation of it?

One of the few serious attempts at explanation is contained in a recent article in the New York World. The writer, as one clue to its interpretation, draws an analogy between the state of mind of Mr. Thompson and that of the Klansmen. It may be a fair guess, he asserts, to say that the Klan

> expresses the hysteria of the lower grade mentalities in the old American stock and that this anti-Britishism expresses the hysteria of the lower grade mentalities in the newer American stocks. The Klan is inspired by the notion that a 100 percent American is a descendant of those pioneers who originally came from Great Britain. The Thompson crusade seems to be the obverse of this: its notion is that nobody is 100 percent American who maintains any connection with the old British tradition.
>
> King George is a convenient symbol under which to attack the social prestige of the older established Americans of British descent. They have, it is true, displayed a certain amount of snobbery and superiority which is deeply resented among the newer immigrant peoples.

The first part of this speculation, although neat and plausible, seems to have little basis in fact. If by "newer American stocks" the writer means what the words usually mean, Americans of Polish, Czech, Jewish, Italian or other East European or Mediterranean descent, it is demonstrable that they are not anti-British. Some, indeed, like the Jews, are strongly pro-British; others, like the Poles, the Czechs and the Italians, have not forgotten that they are much beholden to the British for help during and after the War. It is rather persons of Irish and German descent who are loudest and most frenzied in exploiting the British book-burning fantasy, and among the people of foreign birth or parentage, they and they only are disposed to approve of this method of testifying to Americanism.

The antagonism of Irish-Americans toward Great Britain is a hang-over and needs no discussion. Irish Republicanism is probably more popular among Irish-Americans who do not have to govern Ireland than it is among the Irish in Ireland. The feelings of the American citizens of German descent are also a hang-over, but they are more complex. Although they contributed their fair share of blood and treasure toward the conduct of the War, they were persecuted by super-patriots for collective disloyalty. They were insulted and shamed and deeply bruised in their feelings. Their language was proscribed and their books, if not burned in public, at least threatened with destruction. Not enough time has passed to heal their injuries. Among the German population which is centered around Chicago, the memory of former injustice is still lively, and the people who cherish it doubtless attribute much of their suffering to the success of British propaganda in this country during 1915 and 1916 in stigmatizing them in the popular mind as Huns. The clowning of the patriotic Mr. Thompson exploits these feelings. The former accusations of pan-Germanism are now being balanced by the present accusations of pan-Britishism. It is exasperating to have a friendly people wounded by such charges, but, unlike the Klan, it is not a product of malevolence, and the feeling which it exploits will pass as soon as Germany receives better treatment in Europe. Silly and knavish though Chicago's "Dayton" be, it will have served a useful purpose if it helps to purge away some of the bitterness and anger which the intolerance of American super-patriotism created in the minds of large numbers of inoffensive and well intentioned Germans.

Yet the smouldering resentment of the German-Americans is not alone sufficient to account for Mayor Thompson's anti-British song and dance, and its apparent local success. There is something about it which springs from an entirely different source, which rises in the same watershed as the slowly dwindling river of the Klan. In many instances, the 100 percent American of the lower middle class is not a descendant of those pioneers who originally came from Great Britain. We are informed, for instance, that in Chicago and its neighborhood many Americans of German descent have joined the Klan, and there is no reason to believe that Mayor Thompson's contortions are usually considered to be an obnoxious form of patriotism by members of the Klan. In other states in which the use of pro-British histories in the public schools has been attacked, malcontents are usually small-town people of narrow environment and fixed prej-

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udices who might as well be Klansmen as not. This small-town Americanism is not actively suspicious of the British as it is of the Jews and the Catholics, but it is ready to be suspicious of anything which comes from abroad and which it does not understand.

The truth appears to be that this anti-British agitation, in so far as it is not an exploitation of Irish and German resentments by Mr. Thompson and his gang in Chicago, is merely another of those atavistic revivals of which American society has, since the War, been so prolific. Nearly all the dogmas and prejudices which the traditional American used to take more or less for granted are suffering from a diminution of authority. Naturalism is undermining the traditional theology. Paganism is eating into the traditional moral code. Modern youth is scoffing at the wisdom of its elders, and modern maturity is seeking to escape from its ennui by essays in rejuvenation. Capitalism, democracy, representative government, the liberty of the individual and the authority of the state are being attacked more than they are being defended. Sometimes the attacks are aggressive and open, but more often they are insidious and furtive. The result is one defensive explosion after another by the apologists of the compromised fundamentalisms, and when they explode it is usually for the purpose of excluding the heretics from the school houses. But these explosions are not an indication of aggressive vitality on the part of the older dogmas. They are an indication rather of increasing insecurity and apprehension.

One hundred percent American patriotism, like the other fundamentalisms, is feeling the effect of a growing inattention on the part of the public. It cannot live without presenting its protagonists with an enemy whom they can hate. For a while Germany served its purpose, and anybody who did not wish to destroy everything German was constructively anti-American. The next enemy was, of course, Bolshevism, and inasmuch as the Bolshevist state survives, the majority of American patrioteers still vindicate their love of country chiefly by seeking to purify it of anything but hatred and wrath for this pernicious heresy. Nevertheless, anti-Bolshevism is also becoming shop-worn, and the pugnacious American is gravely in need of some more tangible and accessible stone on which to whet his patriotic sword. Why not England? The British Empire is the only great power, Japan possibly excepted, which is in a position seriously to damage or threaten the United States. Since 1921, the British admiralty has taken advantage of a defect in the naval agreement of that year to regain a part of its former supremacy at sea. The American patriotic tradition is accustomed to be more anti-English than anti-anything else. At a time like the present, when it is hard to find a political war-cry with any popular appeal, it is probably inevitable that politicians here and there will try to capitalize the considerable fund of anti-English prejudice which still lingers somewhere in the minds of so many ordinary Americans.

Ridiculous and offensive though it be, it is likely to remain for a long time a minor and occasional but troublesome note in American politics. It provides demagogues in the larger cities with a cheap and easy way of profiting by the unpopularity in the tenement districts of the exclusive upper classes. In all such American cities there is a climbing population of foreign birth or descent which is condemned to a position of social inferiority by the older inhabitants, and which is extremely sensitive about it. It is the equivalent in contemporary America of the class of semi-outcast frontiersmen who first occupied the new land and who, as they moved west, always carried with them a sense of class grievance. These people provide an audience for the demagogues who cannot rise to power except by exploiting class prejudices. They relish violent attacks on the self-satisfied and well-to-do minority, usually of older British stock. When they applaud denunciations of King George, they are not, in many cases, expressing suspicion and hatred of the English. They are satisfying their grudge against the older established Americans, who are socially and intellectually much more intimate with the upper classes in England than they are with the lower classes in America. When, consequently, the writer in the World alleged that King George is merely a convenient symbol under which poorer and humbler people can berate the self-advertised superiorities of the well-to-do, he was much nearer the truth than when he drew such a sharp contrast between the Klan and the anti-British Thompson faction.

This well-to-do minority, whose unpopularity Mayor Thompson is exploiting, are extremely vulnerable to demagogic attack—now more so than ever. Although they are usually 100 percent Americans themselves, with respect to Germans, Bolshevists and "radicals," they are, in certain respects, colonially minded and extremely susceptible to foreign influences. If opinion in Paris or London frowns upon the national policy of their country, they suffer from the utmost mental discomfort. They have long been accustomed to take most of their fashions in clothes, ideas and standards from abroad, and the increasingly intimate financial relations between London and both New York and Chicago are multiplying these contacts and confirming American intellectual subservience. The recent newcomers from Europe, on the other hand, frequently prefer the decadent vulgarities of the new world to the decadent refinements of the old. They propose to be American in their own way, and when they pause for a moment to think what their own way is, they find it difficult to define in positive terms. But they know in their hearts that it is sharply distinguished from the British emphasis on social inequality which is so sympathetic to their fashionable and wealthy fellow Americans.

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The Family Goes On

THE institution of the family will continue to exist. It is being altered, but is in no danger of being destroyed. That is the general opinion which prevailed at the recent conference "On Family Life in America Today," at which leading experts from all parts of the United States gathered to record their verdict on the present and future outlook for the home. Among those who read papers were some of the country's best known social workers, psychologists, biologists, economists and educators. The facts reported by them, and the fears, hopes and faiths expressed, give us an exceptional opportunity to take stock.

There was general agreement that the clock cannot be turned back. If some of the participants rather wistfully recalled the conditions of family life a generation ago, no one indicated any belief that what we now have will disappear in their favor. On the contrary, the opinion prevailed that humanity must adjust itself to what it finds today, with the prospect of needing even greater adjustment to tomorrow. For every speaker who paid tribute to "the good old days," there were three who welcomed the change and believed that we are approaching an era better than anything in the past. Stress was laid upon the fact that changes in the physical characteristics of life are unimportant, and the spirit with which the individuals carry on, all-important. As one speaker suggested, it is possible to have more truly harmonious family life in two rooms in an apartment hotel, or in a Pullman compartment on a train, than in a big house with all the traditional American paraphernalia of a home. Everything depends on the attitude of the individuals, and as to this, the conferees were highly optimistic.

These experts look forward to a future in which marriage will continue indefinitely, very much on its present general terms, both as a civil and religious ceremony, and as an institution. If the percentage of monogamy among those who are wed, and of chastity among those who are not, has noticeably declined in recent years, they do not seem to have heard of it. They also expect future families to be as small as those now common among the upper classes. The widespread and growing practice of birth control is either welcomed or tacitly accepted.

The customary factors were cited as reasons for the declining importance of the home as an institution. It no longer has economic significance, since the manufacturing processes which once went on within its walls are now conducted elsewhere. Children in their late 'teens who still live at home, and even wives, tend increasingly to engage in outside remunerative work, and thus the dominance of the father, once backed by the club of grim necessity, has been much weakened. It has also been diminished by the general decline of authoritarianism, political and religious. The rising costs of land and residential construction make houses and apartments ever smaller, until there is hardly enough room for family life, in the old sense, and hospitality consists to an increasing extent in taking one's guests out to hotel, restaurant or theater. New sources of extra-mural activity are furnished by the automobile, the motion-picture theater, the enormously increased popularity of dancing. As one speaker observed, modern life is so rich in recreational and cultural opportunities that the home needs to be more interesting and enjoyable than it often is, in order to compete. It simply doesn't put on a good enough show. The only cement which may be expected to hold the home of the future together (except, of course, as to very young children and their parents) is voluntary association, on a basis of mutual respect and affection; and even as to the infant, from cradle days on, these factors are of enormously increased importance. This change in the basis of the home is one which the experts contemplate without apprehension. Indeed, they feel that one of the great difficulties of the present is, not that the family is changing too fast, but that it is not changing fast enough. The necessity for a new type of relationship is insufficiently recognized, especially by parents, who often seek to maintain over their adult children a type of relationship now archaic.

Those who spoke for the professional workers among juvenile delinquents and other maladjusted individuals displayed a refreshing humility about themselves and their efforts. It was generally agreed that no institutional care, no matter how scientific, is as good for a child as the normal relationships of an ordinary family. The physical factors, important as they are, are less powerful than the psychic. Success is automatic when the social situation within the family, and as between the family and the world in general, is right; success is impossible when either or both of these are awry, no matter what other favorable factors may exist. Behavioristic thinking was evidenced by many of those who participated in the discussion. They believe that the family can be made over, to an almost unlimited extent, by altering the environmental factors which affect individual and group.

The chief danger in present developments, several speakers felt, was the spiritual consequence of the family's lack of opportunity to put down roots anywhere. Not only in apartment-house life, but throughout our cities in general, there is a growing lack of any contact with one's neighbors, who create a community in ways which are not duplicated merely by one's possessing a circle of friends. On the other hand, the possibility that modern invention, which has broken up the physical unity of the home, may restore it, was discussed. Devices like the radio and the home motion-picture projector tend, in some cases, to bring together again the circle which once gathered around the reading lamp. The development of "giant power" systems will

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have an important effect in encouraging village and farm industry, permitting many factory workers to live in uncongested areas, and thus avoid the deleterious influences which the overcrowded slums of cities exert upon family life.

Poverty in its relation to the family was an important theme. Several speakers emphasized the necessity of having wages high enough to give an adequate basis for proper home life, which, to a large extent, is not the case today. The element in the community which is most seriously exploited, it was said, is the working-class mother. Even when she does not go outside the home to earn money and supplement the family income, she often toils harder than anyone else, and skimps on her own food and clothing, if necessary, for the sake of husband and children. Advocates of the "family wage" plan presented their ideas to the conference. They pointed out the injustice of the present arrangement of equal wages for all workers of the same class, whatever the difference in their burdens. Eighty percent of adult employed males, it was stated, have fewer than the four dependents assumed by most statisticians. Ten percent of them actually have 35 to 40 percent of the children. The French plan, by which an industry as a whole is assessed for funds with which to give larger pay to those whose need is greatest, was described as one which deserves careful scrutiny by the United States.

The legal status of marriage was viewed chiefly in the light of the present flood of legislation proposed or enacted on the subject. In the first nine months of 1927, one hundred thirty-eight bills were introduced in the state legislatures, and twenty-six of these have already become laws. Opposition was expressed by some speakers to federal marriage and divorce laws, on the ground that these would be worse than the provisions already existing in the good states. The need for careful scientific study of family relationships was pointed out. Only unhappy marriages ever come under the observation of social workers or municipal authorities, it was argued, and therefore the technique of happy marital relationships is still a *terra incognita*. A call was sounded for volunteers among persons in this category to come forward and tell how it is done. Stress was also laid on the necessity for having courses in matters dealing with the family established in normal schools and colleges.

The dicta of these experts, needless to say, are good only as of the date on which they were delivered. The future is as unpredictable now as it has always been. The family is certain to be affected by mechanical inventions and social changes, whose character cannot now be conceived. The most that the authorities can tell us is that, at present, the alarmist reports from press and pulpit as to the disintegration of the family come under the same general category as the famous, premature report of Mark Twain's death.

Law and Order

IN Mr. Lawson's recent play, "Processional," one of the characters is a round-bellied little man in high hat, morning coat and spats, who crosses the stage at frequent intervals exclaiming fussily, "Law and Order. We must have Law and Order." The applause and laughter which greeted his appearance showed that he was recognized as a palpable hit. It is, in fact, not too much to say that to most people sophisticated enough to enjoy Mr. Lawson's theater, the conception of Law and Order has come to be properly typified by that pompous little figure of hypocrisy. And if it be true, as Mr. Edwards finds in his "Natural History of Revolution," that one of the signs of approaching social collapse is the change of allegiance of the intelligent minority from the conservative to the radical camp, the acceptance of Law and Order as a subject for ridicule is a serious portent.

For such danger as may lurk in this state of things, those who worship Law and Order as the guardian of their vested interests have themselves to thank. The only secure basis for the persistence of this social ideal is general belief in it as a good common to all mankind. The class which profits most from its continuance should be most ready to share the benefits with all classes; it should be jealous to guard Law and Order against the suspicion of covering interested designs, or of allowing distinction in respect of persons. And this they do not take the trouble to do. Society as a whole, in respect to this phase of government, puts itself into the hands of a class of officials, ranging from judges to police, who, by virtue of the importance of their function, are given immunity in its exercise.

Obviously, one of the first tendencies on the part of these guardians of the palladium to be watched and checked is that toward aggrandizing their functions by provocative tactics. When the dogs begin to kill the sheep, then it is time for the shepherds to interfere. This is the situation revealed in the New Republic for October 19, by the attack of Pennsylvania state police upon a peaceful and lawful assembly of citizens in sympathy with Sacco and Vanzetti. Subsequent investigation has confirmed the story told by the victims in our columns, and has added to its implications. The police could have stopped the gathering by refusing entrance to the orchard or by placing the speakers under arrest, although they had no legal authority to do either of these things. Instead, they drove the crowd together, threw tear bombs and charged. A woman in pregnancy, leaning over to help a neighbor, was beaten by a policeman's baton across the hips. Her child is dead and she is said to be dying. A score of wounded men are awaiting trial for a riot brought on by the police; and, paradoxically, the class which has most at stake in the matter will feel that Law and Order are vindicated by their conviction.

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A second tendency discrediting the authority of Law and Order is discrimination in the imposition of its restraints. Nothing is more subversive of the authority of any law than the belief that it is made to be obeyed by one class and ignored by another. The disrespect into which prohibition has fallen is a case in point. But the evil is peculiarly malignant when it is a matter, not of the enforcement of sumptuary legislation, but of regulations touching the lives of citizens. Everyone remembers the situation during the war and post-war periods, when the states were hastily passing laws against the advocacy of force and violence by radical groups, while the legislators themselves were proclaiming the use of force and violence against those from whom they differed. The immunity enjoyed by the American Legion in this regard is a scandal which justified the protest of the Communists of France in denouncing the reception of that body on French soil. In the town of Centralia, Washington, a body of Legionnaires attacked the I. W. W. hall, and were repulsed with the death of four of the assailants. One worker, himself an ex-soldier, was arrested, taken from jail, tortured, mutilated, and hanged from a railroad bridge. Others were tried for murder under the eyes of Legionnaires, who intimidated the jury so that they convicted seven of the accused and sent them to prison, where they now are. A true judgment upon the case is rendered by Edward T. Bassett, Commander of a post of the Legion in Montana.

> The I. W. W. in Centralia who fired upon the men that were attempting to raid the I. W. W. headquarters were fully justified in their act. . . . Whether the I. W. W. is a meritorious organization or not, whether it is popular or otherwise, should have absolutely nothing to do with the case. The reports of the evidence of the coroner's jury show that the attack was made before the firing started. If that is true, I commend the boys inside for the action they took.

It would be a wholesome thing if the national officers of the Legion should accept this view, and exert themselves to repair the wrong done to the imprisoned men, some of whom had no part whatever in the affair. Instead of so doing, they took the President of the United States to the grave of the Legionnaires who were killed in the attack, to lay his wreath as sanction by the highest authority of the privilege of the Legion to invoke violence.

A third tendency undermining the prestige of Law and Order is the growing skepticism in regard to the integrity or competence of higher officers of justice, the courts and authorities of final review. Once more we say that, if the chief beneficiaries of Law and Order were wise in their generation, they would see to it that no slightest suspicion of unfairness or partiality or prejudice should attach to judicial proceedings directed against those of the less fortunate classes. And yet we find those beneficiaries making their test of public safety the denial of a new trial in a case in which such elements notoriously were present, and exulting in the governor's action sustaining a verdict which was far from commanding public confidence. In the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, Governor Fuller, in defiance of an immense movement of protest in Europe and America, took the step of enforcing a penalty which no subsequent proof of their innocence can recall. In the case of the Centralia men, the injustice of the verdict is no longer in doubt. A majority of the jurymen have admitted the intimidation to which they were subjected, explained that they were led to their verdict in the belief that the accused, if acquitted, would be lynched, and if found guilty, would be given light sentences. Yet the victims remain in prison, and successive governors of Washington evidently think it safer for their political future to let them serve their sentences than to pardon them. In the case of Tom Mooney and Billings, imprisoned for killing by a bomb explosion in San Francisco, the testimony on which they were convicted has been shown to be perjury, the evidence of their innocence is overwhelming, surviving members of the jury, the trial judge and the prosecuting attorney have asked the governor for clemency. He remains obdurate, and Mooney and Billings face death in prison. Once more we say that, if the residuary legatees of Law and Order had a glimmering of the conditions affecting their inheritance, they would condemn Governor Fuller for his senseless sadism, and use their best efforts to offset it by worthier examples of official discretion. But they will not. They follow the Bishop of Massachusetts in taking Fuller at his self-valuation as the savior of society. To imagine that they can enjoy indefinitely and complacently a security so compromised would be to share their infatuation. Their Bishop may remind them of the curse of his Master upon the Pharisees of his day:

> That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth from the blood of righteous Abel, unto the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar.

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What the Klan Did in Indiana

WHEN Joe Folk cleaned up Missouri, the "yellow-dog" Democrats called him an enemy of the state. Where was his pride in the grand old commonwealth? He was making it notorious! To the bitter end of his last defeat they hated him and voted against him—the only time in their lives that they ever scratched a ticket.

One of the big Republican leaders of Indiana confided to a friend recently that, if justice were done in that state, several officials of the commonwealth would go to the penitentiary. He said, further, that if the whole truth were known, the Grand Old Party would not get a state office again for a decade. But he is all for an inside clean-up. It must be done without stirring up the stink of corruption in courts of justice. Clean politics only if the G. O. P. can cleanse it; a dirty Republican is preferable to a clean Democrat.

But then, you must not be too hard on the big politician. A group of big-business churchmen in Indianapolis gathered for a banquet-conference on religious work, just at the time when Senator Walsh was upsetting the Harding apple-cart and stringing Fall's and Daugherty's rotten fruit along the public highway. As they waited for their food they filled the interstices of conversation with maledictions, not upon Messrs. Fall and Daugherty, but upon the man who would drag the muck-rake over "a dead man's memory." Shrewd business men of the big variety found much to admire in the teapot coup, and agreed that nothing is so malodorous as a muck-raker. So, while provincial Indiana followed the fiery cross with religious fervor, intimidating the local bootlegger and building barbed-wire entanglements of prejudice against "the armies of the Pope," the business-first crowd held the fort, with organized labor on the run, the "yellow-dog" contract nailed to factory doors, the community fund growing, the million-population-club whooping 'er up, and the lid down upon any publicity that would create unrest.

But hell broke loose when D. C. Stephenson, Klan ruler, known as the "Old Man," failed to get either a pardon or a new trial after being convicted of second-degree murder. The newspaper men knew of his threats at the time of his conviction. He said he would be out of the penitentiary within a year, or some of his political pals would come in behind the cold gray walls to keep him company. All might have gone well, but for a couple of intrepid editors. They raised such a hue and cry that any move toward freedom for "Stevie" would have set the Indiana prairies afire. Then comes the story of the mysterious black boxes, unfolded by a couple of young men, one of whom, to add to the interest of the tale, had been appointed Marion County Prosecutor by former Governor McCray, just before he departed for the penitentiary. Here is a chain of events which may yet send another governor to Atlanta.

The story of Indiana's undoing centers in the amazing story of Stephenson. He will make Sunday-supplement stuff for a long time to come. But he would have had no career had it not been for the Ku Klux Klan, for religious fundamentalism and its concomitant, 100 percent Americanism, for the provincialism both of the honest ruralists and the city business men, for the dominance of a political party whose major prophet has won the sobriquet, "Slippery Jim." Even the ingenious King Kleagle could not have harvested from sterile soil.

The biography of the "Old Man," told by one of his klavern partners and confidants, begins in Houston, Texas, where he was born in 1891. He went to a parochial school (!), moved to Oklahoma, became a tramp printer at sixteen, married a prize-winning beauty, played Governor Jack Walton's brand of politics, deserted his wife upon the birth of a daughter, sowed plenty of wild oats, made Socialist stump speeches, went to Iowa for a while to get away from his family, managed to avoid going to France with the army, married again, deserted the new wife, and wound up in Evansville, in the coal business, just when the high-pressure Ku Klux salesmen began to invade Indiana. Hitherto he had been variously a Democrat and a Socialist. He now joined the Klan and became a Republican. His uncanny ability in the manipulation of a crowd became the Klan's chief asset, and his rise to the highest authority was rapid.

In an amazingly short time, he had more than a quarter of a million dues-paying members. He acquired a city mansion, a summer home, a beautiful yacht on Lake Erie. The fiery cross was lifted high all over the state—and highest, strange to say, where Jews, Catholics and Negroes were fewest. Churches went Ku Klux. Many pastors joined the hooded ranks, and from their number organizers and promoters were selected; a fee of $25 per speech looked good, when you had been won to Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, 100 percent principles and convinced of the God-ordained supremacy of the Nordic.

Stephenson was strong on "pure Americanism." Like his illustrious mentor, Mussolini, he turned from Socialism to a crusade against the "reds." Napoleon's image always graced his desk, and Mussolini's methods were, to his mind, the model for men of action like himself. Alien baiting was even more popular with him than mere crusades against Jews and Catholics; it was more comprehensive and more popular, and it included many of

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the Jews and Catholics, anyhow. It was popular everywhere, all the way from the hill-billies of southern Indiana to the business men of the cities.

For a long time, the rank and file of the hooded knights did not know the name of their great leader. He was called, mysteriously, "The Old Man," swooped down from the clouds in a gorgeous cream-white aeroplane after thousands had gathered in some great open space, harangued them with fervid, demagogic oratory and shot away in a high-powered automobile. From behind the well guarded doors of his suite of city offices, he gave cryptic orders, issued letters and bulletins by the tens of thousands, and directed the policy of The Fiery Cross, the Klan journal which reached a circulation of 400,000 at one time. Secret conferences were the rule. All good Klansmen took an oath to be nonpartisans politically, and, naturally, machine politicians sought the favor of the wizard.

The hooded order was out to save Indiana from all alien powers, whether deriving from Rome, Russia or Africa. The crisis, it was clear, demanded that type of action which only a trusted leadership could supply. To the honest church folk, the bootlegger was attacked. The fundamentalist was shown the fiery cross, the 100 percenter was promised the scalps of aliens, and the politician, sure election if he lined up and took orders. "The amalgamated enemies of America" became the chief theme of the "intelligence department," and religious and racial prejudice was substituted for both intelligence and a good conscience. As his power grew, the "Old Man" traded favors with certain Jew and Catholic "defenders" who were willing to cash in on the fighting spirit aroused in the ranks of their brethren. A good fight against the Catholic "Unity League" netted both sides rich returns.

When the 1924 primary came on, the "Old Man" had it sewed up in his pillowcase. Major Ed Jackson, Secretary of State, was a good man, over-ambitious to become governor. The "Old Man" offered to become his Warwick, and the proposal was accepted. Senator Jim Watson managed to get the support both of Stephenson and Pat O'Donnell of the Catholics' Unity League. George Coffin won the toga of boss in Marion County, with all the political loot of the capital within sight. Later, John Duvall, who had grown rich as county treasurer, was made mayor. When Senator Sam Ralston died, Arthur Robinson, a little-known lawyer, a friend of Stephenson, was given the senatorial toga—a garment which the "Old Man," in his dreams, had seen on his own shoulders. He had elected a legislature and a state administration. If you "wanted anything," you went to Stephenson first, and afterward or not at all to those who had official power to grant it. His boast, "I am the law," was not altogether idle.

Today Governor Jackson is under indictment because a grand jury thinks there is evidence that he obeyed the "Old Man's" orders and offered McCray, then still governor, security against conviction, and a nest egg of $10,000, if he would appoint one McDonald as Marion County prosecutor. Two previous grand juries had failed to discover the amazing mass of material the present one is uncovering. The Attorney General of the state accepted money from the governor's contingent fund to pay for legal assistance to ferret out the "whole truth" for one of these juries. A veteran editor who charged the judge of his district with Klan methods could find no relief from that same judge's sentence for contempt. The Supreme Court ruled against his plea that he could prove his charges, saying "the truth is no defense" in a contempt case; the legislature saved the judge from impeachment, and the doughty journalist was saved from prison through a parole, issued on the condition that he should pay his huge fine.

Meanwhile, the "Old Man" had enlisted policemen, sheriffs and justices of the peace. He had revived, for Klansmen's benefit, the defunct Anti-Horse-Thief laws which, in the pioneer days, had made it possible for almost anyone to become a constable. He boasted that he could control courts and grand juries as well as a legislature. His big coup was a plan to obtain control of the state highway commission with its millions of good-roads funds. There was no way to get them except by removing the commission for malfeasance in office, so the charges were trumped up. Things were moving smoothly—and then came the crash.

While many honest men, narrow and prejudiced, to be sure, but sincere, had been helping Stephenson to lead the white-clad crusaders, he had been in the habit of retiring from the front of the procession to indulge in private orgies of dissipation. One after another, the best of his lieutenants dropped out as they learned of this habit, but, sworn to secrecy and ashamed to break faith, they did not reveal what they knew. One of them refused an offer, from a newspaper syndicate, of $1,000 an article. With two or three millions to his credit, with the conviction that he was bigger than the law bolstering his ego, and with his lieutenants reduced to those whom he could trust as long as there were spoils for them, the "Old Man" grew careless. Seeking new thrills, he invited a worthy young woman who was promoting some educational measures before the legislature to come to his home and "talk things over." The final result was her committing suicide, dying after an accusation of forcible rape. Responsible toxicologists swore that teeth wounds on her person were sufficient to have caused death, independently of the poison she took. Public indignation waxed hot, the revulsion among thousands of sincere Klansmen was complete, and all his high-powered attorneys could not save the culprit from a life sentence for "malicious mayhem" and murder.

While the trial was on and appeals were being heard, Stephenson was busy sorting out his files,

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photographing checks, and arranging the "black boxes," boasting the while that he would be out within a year or bring some of his friends up to Michigan City to keep him company. From his prison cell he fought, first like a fox and then like a cornered bear. He found himself held incommunicado, denied the privilege of seeing either newspaper men or his own attorneys, and but for Thomas Adams, editor of the Vincennes Commercial, and Boyd Gurley of the Indianapolis Times, a Scripps-Howard daily, he might have been walled in by official orders. Incessantly, day after day, Gurley kept up a bombardment. He obtained a bit of evidence here and another there, and pieced them together with great skill. One grand jury failed to find anything. The next one reported that it was impossible to get the truth. Then the prosecutor came into action. Stephenson was brought before the grand jury. He gambled on a chance to frighten the governor into a pardon, or the courts into a new trial, by refusing to tell all, and both times lost. Then he concluded that they intended to make him the goat, and said "there are some empty seats up here by me in the chair factory and I am sending for some of my friends to occupy them." So the hiding place of the black boxes was revealed, and they are now safely locked in prosecutor Will Remy's office safe. The grand jury is going through their contents. It must be doing it thoroughly, for the weeks have now grown into months and the process continues.

The governor is under indictment, with Boss Coffin and the Ku Klux attorney, Marsh. The mayor of Indianapolis has had one of his several trials, and first clung to office, then tried to hand it on to his wife, while his appeal from a prison sentence awaits the leisurely attention of the Supreme Court. Editor Gurley's sharp stick is now prodding Senator Robinson. The Times charges no criminal offense, but appeals to the great jury of public opinion to consider the junior United States Senator's way of playing politics.

Senator Jim Watson's fortunes are waning. It is rumored that he will have to appear before the Supreme Court in the famous Shumaker contempt case and explain how he knew what the verdict would be, so long before it was delivered. The "Old Man" worked to get Jim the nomination for the vice-presidency in 1924. He was playing the game with the K.K.K. in his campaign for re-election to the Senate last year, until Jim Reed held one of his inquisitorial sessions in Indianapolis. Stephenson was in disrepute by that time, and he thought it politically wise to denounce his erstwhile friends. The result was that in the election he would have been defeated except for the vote of Gary, the one strong alien and Roman Catholic bailiwick of the state.

The climax of the whole case should not be far away. Indianapolis has arisen in its wrath, as is evidenced by its turning to the city-manager form of government, by a vote of five to one. A complaisant legislature was induced to proscribe the people's will by making it impossible to make the new charter effective until the terms of elected officials expire, and it is understood that the G. O. P. state chairman will be retired and party councils treated to an antiseptic whitewash. The war-horses of politics are looking around for dependable party men who are without spot or blemish with whom to adorn party slates. The Democrats might make a political killing if they were not under the fatal spell of Taggartism. Discretion has been the better part of valor with them, and that attitude is not what the state wants. If Governor Jackson is convicted, it will be hard to save the G. O. P.

Indiana is not inherently corrupt. It has proved that it can put a governor and whole municipal administrations behind the bars. It has been made the victim of corruption. It has suffered from blind partisanship in politics, provincial fundamentalism in religion and hard-boiled Babbittry in business. The "Old Man" proved that hundreds of thousands could be won from party orthodoxy. They crusaded under the fiery cross and voted according to their poor deluded consciences. They can be led to vote according to an enlightened conscience, if only those organs of public opinion and civic conscience, the press and the pulpit, will do their duty. Whether or not they will do so is another story.

ALVA W. TAYLOR.

Our Chance in China

THE quarrel between the foreigners and the Nationalists in China is temporarily in abeyance, as the military situation in that country becomes increasingly a series of duels between the various military leaders, both north and south. China is off the front pages of the newspapers, for the time being. There are no more barricades in Shanghai. No more foreigners are being attacked. The fevered events of last spring have faded from memory. The Nationalist movement is apparently supine. With the restoration of "normal" conditions, the foreign official mind is disposed to conclude that there is nothing more to worry about, to sigh with relief, and relapse into the usual attitude of western governments toward China. Why trouble to fix the roof when it isn't raining? And when it is, you can't. The official mind is like that.

It will rain again. The meteorological figure is apt. As certain as eventual change in weather is the resurgence of Chinese nationalism, with its accompaniment of anti-foreignism. Nationalism is supine, but it is not dead, or even moribund. It has been laid low by superficial circumstances. Organically it is still sound, and will revive, reinvigorated and with morale heightened by remembrance of its conquests of six months ago. Fresh demands will be made for revision of the treaties originally im-

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posed on China by force. Anti-foreign feeling will again run high. Foreign lives will again be jeopardized. But it does not follow that the miracle whereby we escaped armed conflict last spring will recur. He who believes that Chinese nationalism can be ignored, in the face of all evidence that it is on the tides of history and that the China of twenty years ago can never be restored, is sticking his head in the sand.

Meanwhile, in the lull that has providentially been afforded us, what do the American and other governments do? Nothing. Wait. For what? Presumably for a repetition of the events of last spring. Then, instead of one foreigner being killed in Nanking, five or fifty will be killed somewhere else, and we shall discover that in the name of honor, duty, morality, civilization, Christianity, and mankind, we are compelled to send 80,000 Marines instead of 8,000, and kill a few hundred thousand Chinese and add a billion or two to the national debt to be paid off in taxes. After which historians will solemnly dispute as to the causes.

The lull is indeed providential. It gives us a chance to buy ourselves out of the Chinese mess cheaply. There is not much likelihood we shall have another chance. That we must get out is clear, unless we mean to fight to maintain our hold. It is only a question, how easy we can make it for ourselves.

Our governments, as represented in the formal statements made by Austen Chamberlain and Frank B. Kellogg, acknowledge that the old status of our treaty relations with China is untenable. They agree that China must have the right to fix its own tariff, that extra-territoriality must at least be modified and that some term must be set on the foreign occupation of leased territories and concessions in China. All except the most fanatic, die-hard British interventionists are agreed to that extent.

The position taken in both London and Washington, however, is that we cannot proceed to make these modifications until there is a stable Chinese government with which to negotiate. Now there is none which fits that definition. In so far as this position is sincere—a question about which there is considerable doubt—it is stupidly obscurantic, as blind as only bureaucrats and the officially-minded can be. What is negotiation? A means to an end, an instrument to produce a result. The result, not the method, is important. We cannot, we say, negotiate with the Nationalist government or any other existing government in China, because it is not legally constituted or stable. We cannot seat our delegates at the same table with Nationalist delegates. But when our citizens flee before the Nationalist armies, that, presumably, is not negotiation. Our citizens in China have now been swept out of the country into a few concentration points under the shelter of foreign guns. There could be no more effective, decisive result. But we do not recognize the Nationalists. For our government, they do not exist. We still take the position that, although we are willing to give them what they want, we cannot negotiate with them. To perceive the subtleties of that distinction, you must have come up through the secretarial ranks of a foreign office.

Unfortunately, many who have not come up through the secretarial ranks of a foreign office will have to be among those 80,000 Marines and pay the taxes to clear off the two billion. It is necessary, therefore, for the rest of us to cut through stuffy proprieties and think in terms of the practical. This may be said with certainty: as every renewal of the nationalistic feeling in China in the last ten years has been sharper than the preceding one, so the next will be more critical than that of last spring which culminated in the dispatch of British and American military expeditions and fighting in Nanking. The gravitational pull of events will be toward intervention and a first-class war against China, the brunt of which will be borne by Great Britain and the United States.

One thing further must be understood. In addition to natural forces, there is now a well organized, well financed movement to bring about intervention. Centering in Shanghai and other outposts where foreign traders are fighting desperately to retain their right to make money out of China under conditions they could not obtain elsewhere, there is an active propaganda campaign to convert British and American opinion to the necessity and virtue of "disciplining" China. Its highly skillful, if not wholly truthful, publications are pouring into this country, especially in the mails of "key men." The soil is being fertilized for the proper growth when next the Chinese assert themselves and, in some contingency inescapable in conditions of unrest, a foreigner—preferably an American—is killed.

It is to forestall such a contingency that we must bend ourselves now. There would have been intervention last spring had it not been for the abstention of the United States government. But something more than a negative policy is needed at present, else we shall be swept, or deliberately drawn, into intervention against our will. Contingencies can always be contrived by those who profit by them.

Concretely, it is time to talk sense about China. There is only one reasonable, intelligent course to take. We have been dealing with the Nationalists indirectly, though without the solemn formalities of diplomatic intercourse. We have to deal with them. They or that which they represent in China has come to stay. It cannot be ignored. We may as well deal with the Nationalists directly. And if we mean what we say about being willing to establish relations with China on a new basis of equality—it is not certain that we do—we shall sit down with representatives of the Nationalist party and go about the business of drawing up new treaties.

If this means formal recognition of the Nation-

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alist government, then the only change is that which is represented by the difference between formal and informal. We need not grant *de jure* recognition. If it suits our sense of propriety better, we may call it *de facto* recognition or only recognition of belligerency. The latter is of respectable lineage. It was granted our own South by European powers in the Civil War.

There is a government now in Peking with which we have formal intercourse through our diplomatic representatives, though it has little legality and less authority. There is another at Nanking, the present form of the Nationalist government. It may or may not be enduring, but even if it should pass, the Nationalist cause will remain as an entity. That for which the Nanking government stands, with regard to the foreign powers, has the support of all the politically sentient elements in China. In that respect, the Nanking government is a representative government, even if its present officials are removed in six weeks. What it wants, all of politically conscious China wants, and eventually will have, unless we restrain the country by force on the scale of major warfare.

The United States government can announce, either through the State Department or its accredited representatives in China, that it is ready to negotiate with representatives of China in the matter of new treaties. Unofficially it can stipulate that delegates of both the Peking and Nanking governments be present. And then it can negotiate.

There need be no misunderstanding as to what the content of the negotiations will be. We shall have to give up most of our privileges in China. The Germans did and survived. Our interests, too, will survive. That they will be temporarily crippled is beyond question. When constrained to liquidation, the way to liquidate is to liquidate. Our trade will suffer, our investments will be insecure for a considerable interval. The Nationalist government will not be millennial. Quite likely it will be as venal as the traditional mandarinate governments have been, as oriental governments uniformly are, and as Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana can be. But such loss as a retrocession of our privileges in China entails cannot be prevented in any event. It will be less if we take it voluntarily and not under fire. The Chinese will be less exigent now than when they have us on the run. In any case, we have no alternative, save recourse to arms, which sooner or later means real war.

For America, certainly, it does not require statesmanship to recognize that the stake is not worth war. For others, particularly the British, the stake is larger. But heretical as it may seem, there is no moral obligation on America's part to save Britain's stake, even if it could—which it cannot, because there is not force enough in the world permanently to impose on one-quarter of the human race the kind of conditions we have imposed on China, once that race becomes politically conscious. By taking the initiative, America will, instead, be putting itself beyond the possibility of being drawn into a struggle with which its people have no concern, and from which they can derive no benefit. On the contrary, America's "defection," as it will be called by British die-hards and the noisy American business men in Shanghai, as well as some "big business" men in New York, will hasten the recognition of the inevitable by the other powers. It is not very likely that the British will attempt intervention against the affirmative declaration by the United States that it will not intervene or move toward that course. Thus America can help reach the only basis on which the problem of China can be solved and peace with the East be maintained.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Washington Notes

VERY little seems to appear these days in the newspapers about Mr. Vare and Mr. Smith, the two distinguished gentlemen elected to the Senate last year in their respective states of Pennsylvania and Illinois, under conditions that outraged a good many sensitive souls and made it doubtful whether they will be allowed to take their seats when the Seventieth Congress convenes in December. Last March, columns were written almost daily about these two exponents of purity in politics, and polls were taken and analyses made of the way in which the new Senate would vote on the question of receiving them. Recently, the situation created by the more or less open field for presidential candidates, brought about by the Coolidge withdrawal, has been so absorbing, that to a considerable extent Mr. Vare and Mr. Smith have been pushed into the background. Yet, it seems to me, they deserve a lot more attention now than they did then, not only because the decision in their cases is much closer at hand, but also because the effect of the fight they are preparing to make will be felt by presidential candidates generally, and will probably have a not inconsiderable influence on the way things shape up in 1928.

It promises to be a great fight, and the prospects are that before it is over there will be a considerable number of extremely unhappy statesmen in, around and about the Senate Chamber—all of them Republicans. Two such important party personages as Mr. Vare, around whom revolves the Pennsylvania organization, and Mr. Smith, backed by the dominant Thompson-Small machine in Illinois, cannot be put in jeopardy on the threshold of a presidential campaign without grave apprehension as to what may happen if they fare badly. Mr. Vare and Mr. Smith, being Republicans in good party standing, menaced by a combination of Democrats and Republicans not in good standing, quite naturally look to the Republican administration to protect their "rights" and guard their interests. If the Republican administration fails them in their hour of need, they certainly won't feel good about it. On the contrary, it is very humanly possible that they will be all set for revenge and reprisals—and the place where they can get both is in the presidential

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primaries and the national convention. Without the support in the convention of Mr. Vare and his friends and Mr. Smith and his, the small group of party leaders who, using Mr. Mellon as a rallying post, aspire to control the convention will be in a pretty bad way.

Mr. Vare can and will, I believe, make much more trouble for them than Mr. Smith. Mr. Vare, for example, if he chooses, can cut down in his prime that splendid young statesman, David A. Reed, who at the last session, in Mr. Vare's interest, conducted a filibuster that crippled many governmental activities and imposed a lot of unnecessary hardships on people who had a right to expect better treatment. Not only that, but Mr. Vare, if he chose to be very disagreeable, could spoil the whole convention for Mr. Mellon. He could block the pretty scheme to have Mr. Mellon enter the Pennsylvania preference primaries, thus keeping *bona fide* presidential candidates out, insuring a solid delegation and the complimentary presentation of his name as Pennsylvania's favorite son, accompanied by an impassioned speech depicting the genius of the man and dwelling upon the greatness of his services to humanity and the Republican party.

No wonder that, as they ponder on these possibilities, Mr. Mellon and his senatorial spokesman, Mr. Reed, and all his other friends, advisers, guides, agents and employees, are girding their loins for the fray. All of them, from the old gentleman himself on down, intend to give Mr. Vare about every last thing they have in the way of support. If they can save him, he is to be saved. If he can't be saved, they will mourn with him. Plainly, it is essential to them to leave no room for doubt in the morbid mind of Mr. Vare that their last ounce of strength has been exerted in his behalf.

Under this pressure, it seems to me unavoidable that Senator Reed of Pennsylvania should make a distressing spectacle of himself in the Senate. When I think of the unkind but bitingly true things that are bound to be said to him on the floor, while he pleads and sweats and works to put in the Senate this notorious boss of the most corrupt machine in the country, I almost feel a certain sympathy for him. I really should feel sorry, if he would abandon the transparent humbuggery of the pose with which he entered the Senate, as an exponent of purity in politics animated solely by a desire to promote good government, and take his place frankly with the other machine politicians, with whom he properly belongs, whose sole concern is their own political position.

Leaving this unpleasant theme, let me say that two incidents in which Mr. Vare recently figured are not without interest. One of these was the selection of Mr. James M. Beck, former Solicitor General of the United States, and counsel for Mr. Vare in his Senate contest, for Congressman at large from Pennsylvania. Why Mr. Beck should want to come to Congress, why Mr. Vare should want to have him, and whether his value as legal aid and adviser in the fight will be enhanced or diminished are, I think, more or less intriguing. The other incident was Mr. Vare's recent call upon Mr. Herbert Hoover, to whom the Philadelphia boss extended a cordial invitation to visit Philadelphia at some time or other and make a speech. As yet, I am not advised that Mr. Hoover has accepted the invitation, but his political staff has it under consideration. The interesting thing to me about the Vare visit was thought of the perturbation it must have caused in the Mellon board of political strategy, to which the Hoover candidacy makes practically no appeal at all, and which has, up to date, made rather a sloppy mess of its effort to put the Hughes movement on a sound basis.

This Vare-Smith fight, however, is still some three weeks or so away, and the immediate thing of interest in Washington is the question of tax reduction. Mr. Mellon, looking frightened and wan, but backed by Mr. Mills, his manly Under Secretary, looking brave as six or seven lions, has appeared before the Ways and Means Committee and proposed reduction amounting to $225,000,000. For the first time we find the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which has in the past held that what Mr. Mellon said on this or any subject was holy writ and not to be questioned save by Democrats and other damn fools, truculently asserting that the figures are all wrong, that, in effect, he does not know what he is talking about, that a $400,000,000 cut can and must be made. More astonishing, perhaps, than this is the attitude of the American Farm Bureau Federation, representing the restless and unhappy farmer, declaring that there should be no reduction at all, but that the whole surplus, whatever it may be, should be applied to debt reduction. And finally, we have, of course, the esthetic and refined Mr. Jack Garner, Democrat, of Texas, casting aspersions upon the Mellon accuracy as to surplus estimates in the past, pointing out that he has invariably been from $200,000,000 to $600,000,000 off the mark every time; to which mean but strangely true accusation neither the lamb-like Mr. Mellon nor the lion-like Mr. Mills makes any rejoinder at all.

While the House Committee thus wrestles with the problem and bathes in the publicity given their hearings, under the mistaken impression that what they do as to the corporation tax and the estate tax and the other taxes is really important, the tall, gaunt, lugubrious Smoot and the small but awful foxy Simmons, in their cozy rooms over in the Senate Office Building, read the papers and bury their noses in Treasury figures, fully aware that the actual tax reduction, if any, accomplished at this session, will be their tax reduction and that these House hearings are merely preliminary to the main bout.

In the meantime, Mr. Coolidge, leaving these trivial matters to his subordinates, has fittingly appointed Mr. Hughes as head of the American delegation to the Pan-American Congress, has also fittingly arranged to have Ambassador Morrow attend the conference, and is looking forward to a jolly time in Cuba, early in January, promoting that good feeling toward the United States in Latin America for which his distinguished Secretary of State, Mr. Kellogg, has so successfully striven in Nicaragua and Mexico.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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One Way or Another

Behold This Dreamer, from the novel by Fulton Oursler, dramatized by Fulton Oursler and Aubrey Kennedy. Cort Theater, October 31, 1927.

The Taming of the Shrew. Garrick Theater, October 31, 1927.

ONE way or another, both these plays are farces, but the difference is that Shakespeare knew it of "The Taming of the Shrew" where the authors of Mr. Glenn Hunter's play never decide what they mean or what they are trying to do. Shakespeare's farce rattles on to its end; "Behold This Dreamer" never comes to enough to find its direction. It has possibilities and implications; there are moments when you think it might amount to something, moments when you are moved or entertained, but the evening of it is without sum or character.

"Behold This Dreamer" tells the story of a young man, Charley Turner, married to the daughter of a brush manufacturer. He hates it, throws up his job, talks about beauty and buys an oboe. A sympathetic librarienne brings him an art book and gets herself into his arms, only to hear that it is not herself he loves, but the dream of love in his own soul. The father-in-law surprises the pair, there are threats of divorce, hysterics, and when the young man seems likely to carry through the idea and so disgrace the family, the father-in-law has him safely put away in a sanitarium.

The second act is in the sanitarium, a delightful place. Charley meets the three members of the intelligentsia, passes the test and is admitted to their company. He gets a chance to paint. A mass of color, with the title of "Nude with a Pineapple," suggested by one of the madmen, wins the $5,000 prize at a great exposition; Charley becomes famous and an ornament to the family. His father-in-law comes to take him away again, he must leave the new friends, the intelligentsia and the model with melancholia, these people with whom for the first time he has found understanding and happiness. Settled at home again, in the third act, he surprises his wife in the arms of one of the community saints; he welcomes the idea of divorce, and in the last scene we leave him, when the curtain falls, once again among the mad friends, stolen away to that happy asylum about whose maintenance and budget we are told so little.

As for Mr. Glenn Hunter's performance, we can only sigh for his last year's young Woodley. In this role he discovers to us some not very attractive conceptions of his own, but what he thinks the dreamer of the play is, whether a born artist, a pathetic temperament in a harsh world, a child and ass combined, or what, there is no way of telling. He plays with half a dozen qualities that are never blended into any one idea. His diction is inexcusably arbitrary and bad and his reading such that many lines are lost. There are times when his great stage gift appears; whenever there is a parting, a whimsical pathos, a hesitant pain and hurt, some shy moment of youth and solitude, he is moving and unique in our theater. But Mr. Hunter's achievement on the whole in "Behold This Dreamer" makes you worry about his future.

Mr. Thomas A. Wise, as one of the intelligentsia in the sanitarium, and Miss Sylvia Field, as the girl there whose delicate love and melancholy make her so beautiful and touching, play admirably; their performances are consistently right and fine all through.

As for the play, the scenes in the asylum are good, they are unified in conception and are played in one key. In the other scenes, those in Charley's home, the directing and the acting are muddled, full of tricks and vaudeville methods, and leave you confused and fairly disgusted.

"Behold This Dreamer" has echoes of Pirandello in its irony about reality and fiction, and something of poetic fantasy in the mad scenes, which stick in your mind and make you restive at the play's general failure. This failure in this particular play may give rise to two interesting speculations. The first concerns the way in which so many of our writers can pick up motives, themes and methods here and there and use them like bright little boys without ever arriving at a conception of what the whole is to mean and without the exercise of any pervading mind. The second concerns the extent to which a strong theme or problem, lacking in this play, may help or hinder a piece of dramatic writing.

Experiments as such with the production of Shakespeare in modern dress seem to me of small importance. As for the introduction of modern accessories, electric lights, pistols, et cetera, and contemporary costume and setting, that device may supply the pleasure of anachronism, a harmless one and not unfamiliar from classic days till now. As for showing how true Shakespeare still is, how modern—a compliment that, if hardly needed, is doubtless well intended—there may be people who are interested to see things in his plays they never saw before, but that is not all Shakespeare's fault. There is no need to stay on the subject except to say that a reduction to modern trappings serves, at least, the good end of throwing the burden on the playing, which most of our acting can hardly stand, and leaves the text and the characters exposed and wholly responsible, which is not often beyond their powers if they are given half a chance.

Of all Shakespeare's plays, I should think there could not have been a cleverer choice for this modern dress production than "The Taming of the Shrew." The absence of that sheer romance of removal, that poetry of clothes and scene that the Elizabethan investment would bring, leaves the farce stripped for its own high spirits and lusty business. Some of the points gain vastly by the new way. In the kidnapping of the bride after the wedding, for example, or the bridegroom's outrageous parody of dress, or the roadway scene about the sun and the moon and the old-man-budding-virgin—where the action takes place around a hectic motor car—the comic point mounts a long way beyond what can be done in statelier and more respectful treatments. The whole enterprise of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Garrick is hearty and diverting; it caters to packed and delighted audiences.

As to the performances, they are all passable, within the pleasant limits of week-end dramatics at a country house, which is about the level of the play itself. If splendors of acting might be contained in the roles of Petruchio or Katharine, and doubtless have been, here and

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there in the past, these splendors are not demanded by the text. Mr. Basil Sydney gives a happy performance, and, as usual, reads his verse admirably. The part of the shrew is Latin in origin, really; its speed and its vocal tone are Latin; the ideal for them would be a certain hot and metallic rush of vitality and a white, animal voice, now like Circe's, now like a parrot's. Miss Mary Ellis, who has another sort of voice, though a beautiful one, and another sort of attack, now and again gets Katharine to something that is merely shrill. But, on the whole, she is, if not the dominating, passionate creature that we dream of Katharine's being beside the blazing Petruchio, one storm quelling another, at least enough of a charming, spoiled American young lady to keep the play going. Madame Maria Ouspenskaya, as the cook, turned a little part into a capital stage creation. As in all Shakespeare's productions, seemingly, the acting community has not decided what one shall call another; people are pronounced every sort of way, from Petruchio, through Gremio and around to Hortensio, though Katharine at least is unanimously called so.

STARK YOUNG.

Sex Appeal in the Movies

"SEX APPEAL," that peculiar attribute, which permits certain players to move their admirers more agreeably, as well as more directly, than would be possible by any display of their mere talents, is, as everyone knows, most highly thought of in the movies. Possibly it has always been so; but just now, under the influence of a stage successfully libertine, the moving picture producers and their agents seem to be more than ever keenly on the lookout for it. For, as it happens, it is not a particularly common commodity. And, if not actually valued above talent, at least it appears to be regarded as a sounder investment.

It needed the tremendous popular success of "Variety" to bring Emil Jannings to America, despite the fact that he had again and again, over a period of ten years, shown himself the ablest character actor of the screen; Lya da Putti had only to make a single appearance in support of Jannings to gain an American contract. Yet no one could have thought her more than a passable actress, however wisely cast in "Variety"; nor particularly beautiful, however heavily her feminine quality was underlined, first as the dancing girl, then as the acrobat. The most that could be said for her was that she carried, from start to tragic finish, the obvious suggestions of a role entirely sensual. But that, it seems, is quite enough for any ordinary producer with an eye to the box-office. Talent is, after all, so variable a thing, and depends for its success upon expert collaboration. Jannings himself was helpless in the face of the confused Italian direction, the bad photography, the inept scenario of "Quo Vadis?" Whereas the appeal of sex can be felt through the flimsiest story; it creates its own drama. The spectators themselves collaborate to make the play a success, and supply whatever imagination the scenarists lacked.

I do not by any means wish to deny the uses of "sex appeal." It has its legitimate place on the screen as on the stage—"Variety" is a capital instance of a film which would have fallen apart had its heroine been less obviously attractive. Still, one cannot help wondering whether, considering it for the moment purely as a commodity, the producers are not putting entirely too much money on it. (I have in mind a number of actresses—it would be impolite to name them—who have recently been advanced; they must be thought of as having "sex appeal," so conspicuously do they lack every other quality that would make them desirable on the screen.) For, if the erotic spectacle is almost always a success with the public (even when disguised under so formidable a title as Dante's "Inferno") the participants in these shows find short favor: their lives at best are brief. As for the actors, the actresses, who have kept their place in the sun of popularity over a period of years, it is difficult to find even one who owes anything to "sex appeal." On the contrary, it would seem that most of them hold the public, the vast public of the moving pictures, largely through their ability to project characters whose sexual life is not more complicated than that of a child.

Take first the comedians. Into the life of that brisk, efficient and perplexed young man whom Harold Lloyd presents always, sex hardly enters with more force than it does into the Yale curriculum. There are young women in his films, but they are at the end of the difficulties, not the cause of them. As for that witless youth who is the Buster Keaton of the films, he is the forlorn adolescent who has long since decided that all feminine favors are beyond *his* hope and deserving. So, in "Go West!", when offered a choice (he himself is too modest to realize that a choice is there) between his grateful employer's only daughter and a faithful affectionate cow, he chooses the cow. Granted that this is burlesque, it is successful largely because it is completely in character. The world which Chaplin creates around him—and he alone of all the actors of the screen actually arrives at creating a separate world—is seen through even younger eyes. It is the remembered world of a child little if any older than the Kid—who has played in the streets of London, poor, starveling, dreaming at windows, continually haunted by the presence of huge policemen. So much is Chaplin at core the child, that he can assume the manners of one or the other sex without offense, can endeavor—when he arrives late for work in "Pay Day"—to placate his irate boss by coyly advancing and offering him a lily, or, as in "The Pawnbroker," awkwardly crack his employer over the head with a step-ladder that is much too big for him to handle. The love scenes in the Chaplin films take place in the mind of a small boy; the girls who appear remain mysterious and remote. The episode in the "Gold Rush" where he waits in vain for the pretty ladies to come to his party began badly enough; instead of being poignant it was merely mawkish; it was saved at the end only by Chaplin's slipping, more or less unconsciously, into his proper character and playing out the imaginings of a child. The situations which Chaplin meets are, of course, more familiar to an adult's world than that of a child; but therein lies part of their incongruity. They are dealt with logically, but with that terrible direct logic which almost alone children are capable of putting into action. Even when, as in "Pay Day" and one or two other films of

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his middle period, he is represented as married, it is easy to see that his relations to his wife are simply those of a resourceful and capricious little boy doing his best to arrange things amicably with a severe parent whom no persuasion of the intelligence can reach.

Mary Pickford, too, is not without her childishness, but she differs from Chaplin in having a common mind. Her feet are those of a *comédienne,* but she lacks the comic imagination. Nevertheless, she and Douglas Fairbanks—it is not merely because they happen to be married that Doug and Mary are constantly coupled in the popular imagination—have succeeded as no others in projecting the dearest emotions of the American people in regard to the relations between the sexes. Those emotions are, to be sure, comparatively immature. It is not for nothing that Miss Pickford has been compelled to retain those blond curls. Her attitude toward the opposite sex, even when her role would seem to call for something older, is that of a healthy, humorous, but by no means unsentimental girl of thirteen toward the boys of the neighborhood. She rags them unmercifully, and they adore her for it. Douglas Fairbanks is her male complement—the boy in his earliest teens. He is the screen equivalent of that age when the sexual impulse is felt chiefly as prompting to imaginary adventures. He sees himself now as a pirate, now as a knight under Richard the Lion-Heart, now the prince in an Arabian fairy tale. But always he is romantic and chivalrous, fighting against odds, rescuing pallid and helpless heroines. More prosaically, he represents that self-conscious age when boys affect to be indifferent to girls and to despise them; actually, of course, they are continually showing off before them. And it is not difficult to see in the marvelous leaps of Fairbanks, his scaling of impossible walls and plunging into impassable streams, the equivalent of the first tentative, largely unconscious approaches of the adolescent to the opposite sex.

It is impossible here to go through the whole list of screen stars who have kept the favor of the fans over a period of five years or more. Not that the list is so long—particularly if one subtracts all those who, like Thomas Meighan, are now kept alive only by the memory of past performances and increasingly strong doses of publicity. But to analyze a new star is not always to discover another element of the mass mind. Come at once to Valentino. Let it be said at once that Valentino's popularity in the last years of his life was considerably less than would have been supposed by one who regarded his career for the first time when indecent mobs were clamoring around his bier. But let that pass. His career was a brief one, briefer than the number of its years would show. But surely no one ever so violently captured the imagination of the movie fans as did the handsome young Julio of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." His discovery was an accident; he was chosen, not because of his looks, much less because of his ability, but because the director thought he approximated the young Argentine wastrel in character. Within the year, a dozen young men, dark-complexioned and with something of the Latin air—including at least one East-Side Jew, who for the purpose had assumed an ancient and aristocratic Spanish name—had persuaded as many producers to put them before the public as rivals of Valentino. Most of them were as handsome, but none of them had his animality or grace, not one of them could convey, with his brazen expertness, the same impression of desire. Here, certainly, it would seem, was "sex appeal"—and with a new persuasion!

Naturally it was assumed that the chief appeal of the new actor was to his feminine admirers. The newspaper men who reported the excitement attendant upon Valentino's death and funeral acted on this assumption. Their accounts were filled with the pictures of hysterical young women and weeping old women patiently standing in the rain. The photographs made at the time tell, however, quite a different story. Eight out of ten of the faces which waited before the hospital, and later before the funeral parlors where Valentino lay dead, are those of young men and boys.

The explanation of this is neither difficult nor strange. It simply depends upon the obvious fact that the figures of the screen are not flesh and blood, but mechanical shadows. They are not the men and women of the stage, and it is impossible that those who stare at them through the darkness should react to them as if they were. *They* move in silence, and to the accompaniment of a music that is hardly ever distinctly heard. In consequence, it is possible for the spectator of the movies to identify himself with the actor to an extent unknown in the theater. And since this is so, it is but natural that the strongest reactions of the movie fan should always be toward his own rather than the opposite sex. It is young girls who fill up the greater part of Gloria Swanson's correspondence, and, of those who waited outside when Valentino lay dead, probably the greater number had at one time or another seen themselves as the Sheik.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP.

Tendencies in American Business

(Printed copies of Mr. Whee's remarks may be had upon application to the Hon. Sec. and payment of ninepence.)

GENTLEMEN, I had no idea whatever that I was going to be called upon, and I hope you will pardon me if my remarks are rather informal. I fully appreciate the unusual opportunity of talking to all of you men of the Liverpool Rotary Club, and I ask myself, what can I give you Englishmen that you don't know already? Something about my own country, or so it seems to me. Now a great deal has been happening in the United States lately, I mean along business lines. Our methods are so different from yours, that you might like to hear about them, and so it occurred to me to call my little talk "Tendencies in American Business," nothing serious or heavy you know, but just a sort of a survey of some of the most recent developments which don't always get into the newspapers [laughter].

You have heard of such things as our mass production, our standardization, our exploitation, our diversification, our canalization, and our other business methods which, if you will pardon my saying so, have made America something of a model to other countries, whose experts come

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over to study us every day. I say this not in boastful spirit, but purely as a matter of information. Now there are some other things of ours which are not as widely known, and it is these points which I propose to emphasize. The first point I want to take up is *specialization,* and I thought it would be simpler in every case to take an example of each topic and treat it concretely. Concerning this recent tendency toward specialization in American business, the finest example that I personally know of, and the most recent, is that of the Cigar Store Indian. As you know, we in America smoke a great deal [laughter] and of course we have a great many stores—shops, I mean —where cigarettes and cigars are sold [loud and prolonged laughter]. In the old days, tobacco merchants used to invariably advertise their wares by a Cigar Store Indian, a wooden figure of some well known Red Skin such as Pocahontas or Sitting Bull, for example, standing in front of the store. The practice of such advertising went out of custom a good many years ago, and when I was a boy—I mean a lad—Cigar Store Indians were already something of a rarity, if not actually of an antique. The industries which manufactured them finally ceased doing business, and pretty soon the Indian began to be unheard of except in the hands of art dealers, where they commanded—fetched, I should say—a good price. It seems that an authentic female Cigar Store Indian is today worth about two hundred and thirty-five dollars, nearly three hundred if her nose is genuinely and accidentally broken, as they mostly were in the good old days [cheers, cries of "Good Old Days," and faint humming noises]. Well, the point I'm coming to, gentlemen, as to specialization, is that a new profession has sprung up, consisting of men who are experts in determining the genuineness of the noses broken on Cigar Store Indians. These young men are put through a three years' course at the Harvard Business School which fits them to judge correctly any aspect of the question involved. A young man in our office who, as is the case with the majority of young men in any office, did not have a great future before him, is now making over fifteen thousand dollars a year sub-specializing on estimating the value of Cigar Store Indians whose noses, before they were accidentally broken, were Roman noses. Which used to occur, gentlemen, oftener than you would think.

Now the next aspect of our business field I had considered taking up is of even more recent date, and I have temporarily given it the name of *delegation.* You will agree with me, I am sure, that the great consuming public doesn't know what it wants and never will [loud cheers and prolonged cynicism]. It has to be, it asks to be, told. The tendency toward delegation I am speaking of began in the book manufacturing business. For years publishers had been turning out books without knowing why it was that the public bought only a small proportion of what was available. The answer, gentlemen, just lately discovered, is that the public, very sensibly refusing to trust to its own taste, was all the time watching for superior information. So we have now, to remedy this situation, a great number of organizations, mostly under the name of "clubs," which supply to their subscribers a certain number of guaranteed book products every year, usually twelve. This requires no effort on the part of the public, and very little on the part of the guarantors, or judges, or editors (chosen from prominent professional readers) and is highly successful. So successful indeed [cries of "Success!" and appreciative murmurs]—so successful is this method of business that other lines of business have taken it up. The Car-a-Year Club is well under way, and the Cigar-a-Day Club failed only on account of defective financial organization [tumultuous applause]. But the most notable effort in this direction is one with which I have the honor to be connected. It is the Shirt-a-Month Club, which delivers to its members a distinguished and interesting shirt, percale, black, silk, flannel, polo, cheviot or stiff-bosomed according to the season and the locality on the fifteenth of each calendar month—a shirt, gentlemen, chosen by a board of men who have personally worn shirts all their lives and know what they are talking about, under the supervision of a Shirt-Editor-in-chief, none less than the Hon. Benito Mussolini himself.

You can see for yourselves, gentlemen, that things in America are rapidly moving along certain lines. This brings me to what some of our most hard-headed business men have called the problem of *ramification.* You know what that signifies: a branching, or a branching out, like the branches of a tree branching out from the other branches of the same tree. Ramification [applause]. It is most exemplified in the case of Publicity Counsel, if you know what I mean—or if not, perhaps I'd better explain. Publicity Counsel is the organization of a special company to sell expert advice to the advertising experts of other companies who may be in need of buying it. Suppose now, just to make the illustration more concrete, that I am the advertising manager of a tooth-paste company, which happens to be the case, and that you are the experts who form the other company specializing in selling advice. Suppose now, in addition, to make the illustration even clearer, that I am planning a big campaign costing millions and millions, to reach the thousands and thousands of its ill-informed consumers who have not yet learnt the hygienic value of tooth hygiene. Well then, I hire your services to assist me in conducting the campaign. From your scientific researches and accurate files you bring to bear expert knowledge of general conditions, membership lists of local Toothbrush-Owners Associations, and so forth and so on. The result is, of course, 100 percent successful, but of late the best brains in the business—an association of which I am an honorary member—have begun to realize that it could be even more successful yet. The organizations for extending publicity assistance, we have come to learn, are themselves in need of assistance and advice, and so we have formed a small, but highly salaried nucleus of internationally known advisory advisors to function in all cases of doubt and under the name of Publicity Super-Counsel, Inc.

All of which brings me, as you can easily imagine, to the much discussed but little appreciated question of *under-consumption,* which is one of the most notable products of modern civilization [applause]. Now I want it clearly understood that I am not a partisan or an opponent or a propagandist either for or against this great question. I simply state the facts. Under-consumption has come to stay. I have seen it with my own eyes, gentlemen, in my own business. Not so very long ago a little group of us

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men vitally interested in business matters, and backed by considerable capital, formed a company based upon physical data and a sound psychological need. I do not know how the situation is in this country, but in America, and especially in our big social and industrial centers, partly owing to conditions in the building trades and somewhat owing to other conditions into which it would not be wise to go at this time [laughter]—in America, gentlemen, there was about three years ago a very pronounced but only half-conscious demand for an indoor umbrella. Our little company was launched upon the basis of this realization. Let me see if I can recollect the facts correctly—it will help to give you the picture. Yes. We directors sold five hundred shares of no-par value at from sixty-eight to seventy-eight, and floated three million-dollar bond issues upon the security of our high mutual esteem. The factory site occupied twelve square miles, and we were already turning out six thousand gross a day when the company's janitor—or perhaps it was our president—discovered, almost overnight, an overwhelming superstition among all adult Americans, men and women, consumers and non-consumers alike, against opening umbrellas indoors. For a moment we were on the point of resigning but, gentlemen (pardon me if I do say it myself who shouldn't), but I found out, after a few absurdly simple experiments, that the indoor umbrella would serve exactly the same purpose if it was never opened at all. That day, gentlemen, only eighteen months after incorporation, we sold our first umbrella. I shall never forget it.

From under-consumption, the possibility of which our little company so abundantly proved, it is but a step to the minor, but also basic problem of *total elimination*. I really don't want to take any more of your time, but this factor is growing, and should be presented in a fair light [cheers], or not at all [laughter]. I allude to the tendency among American business men to leave all the details to intelligent subordinates. What else, I ask you, is an executive, if he is not just precisely a man who does that? Up till recently, our business men have, out of a mistaken sense of duty, held their proverbial noses as it were to the proverbial grindstone. But lately there has been a change, in which the game of golf has played its part. It can now be said that the average president or vice-president of one of our industrial or commercial organizations spends more time upon the greens than behind his desk, which is as it should be, considering statistical and economic conditions generally. Fewer and fewer of my acquaintances ever come to their offices in the morning, and none, of course, in the afternoon. I look forward to the time when the American executive as such will live up to his name and never come to his office at all. That is what I mean by total elimination, and under the present administration of prosperity that goal is only a few years distant.

Speaking of the administration, gentlemen, I come to the last point in my little talk. It concerns *Government in Business*. We have a saying in America which is such a saying that in certain quarters it amounts practically to a slogan. It is this: "Less Business in Government, and more Government in Business." I would like to see that sentiment framed on every spare wall in the country. The government's entrance into business was long overdue. Everybody else is in business, why not the government? I am glad to say that at last the government has entered the business field, in a small way, a retail way, to be sure, but a sound one. Retail is better than wholesale, for without retail wholesale would be impossible, and I am the last man to advocate that. Now you may not be aware that, in our country, wine, beer and liquors are illegal. Yes, such is the fact. And it is the government's duty to catch the offenders. In my own home city of New York, a prosperous commercial center of the East, the government, skillfully combining the duty of catching offenders with the equally important duty of collecting enough revenues to keep going, has already opened a speak-easy, or blind-pig. There you can have the pleasure and pride of knowing that the price of the excellent cocktail you are sipping (a dollar or more) will, if multiplied by the hundreds of visitors daily, pay for (1) the liquid supplies, (2) the free lunch, (3) the rent, (4) overhead, (5) the salaries of the barkeeper, porter and under-cover agents, and that there will be an ample margin left over to take care of (a) the interest on investment, (b) the retirement of chattel mortgage bonds, (c) overhead-overhead, (d) the provocation, apprehension, trial and maintenance in Atlanta of the bootleggers whose efforts have made the whole thing so possible and delightful. Have I made myself clear?

Next year the government, encouraged by the success of a few such experiments, will extend them into a system of chain stores, and we taxpayers look forward to a large surplus and lowered income taxes. The business will only come to an end when all the bootleggers have been caught. Already there is talk of extending the principle. I believe that a government experimental counterfeiting station will soon be opened. You can easily grasp the idea: well known counterfeiters, encouraged to bring in their wares, will be arrested, and a nice profit over expenses will be made by selling the fake bills to the populace, who never did know the value of money anyway.

There, gentlemen, in a nutshell [chuckles] are some of the most interesting of recent tendencies in American business. You are free to copy or adapt them to your own situation, as you wish. I thank you.

(*Exeunt the members of the Liverpool Rotary Club in geological formation, singing "Yes Sir, She's my Baby."*)

ROBERT LITTELL.

Grotesque

O Laughing Skulker in the Clouds!
Power being yours but not patience,
The spacing of suns and stars was as far as you could go,
Man was too much for you:
When you came to making man,
Your azure hand slipped and you laughed,
With an auroral toe you kicked the dust.
And only for him who joins you in your joke
Is there any joy on earth.
Only the laughers are spared,
Only the worshipers of mirth,
Only the slitherers along your cloudy ribs.

WITTER BYNNER.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Child Labor and the N. A. M.

SIR: Your editorial comment on the set of standards proposed by the National Association of Manufacturers in the matter of child employment strikes me as a highly commendable expression of true liberalism. In the child-labor movement today there is a small group of reactionaries to whom the manufacturers' program is anathema because of its source. They cannot believe anything good of an organization with so long a record of opposition and obstructionism. They will have no commerce with the traditional enemy unless and until the enemy signs a surrender accepting their own standards of child-labor protection. Theirs is the attitude of unceasing belligerency, of unremitting distrust and hostility.

One may concede the inadequacy of the Manufacturers' standards and still welcome the fact that the N. A. M. has put itself definitely on record as positively favoring certain measures of protection and education. This may be a belated step, it may be a short step, it may be a step dictated partly by face-saving considerations; nevertheless, it is a step in the right direction. More important still, the N. A. M. has evidently tried to look at things from the standpoint of children's needs and improved conditions. The result may not be satisfactory to others as a program of child-labor reform, but the adoption of a new attitude, the acceptance of a new approach, means progress on the part of the N. A. M., and surely that is cause for gratulation.

Liberals in the child-labor movement are realistic enough not to expect too much of the N. A. M., and therefore are neither disappointed nor irritated by its recent pronouncement. We shall see what we shall see, but meanwhile it does the National Child Labor Committee credit that it refuses to see red.

RAYMOND G. FULLER.

New York City.

The Republican Spoke Out

SIR: In your very illuminating analysis of the moral inertia and the deference to authority that lay behind the general attitude in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, you speak of the mildness of the protest even of those few newspapers with large circulations "which acknowledged any doubt about the justice of the verdict." I am sure that, on further consideration, you will be glad to make special mention of the Springfield Republican. The series of editorials in which, for nearly three weeks after the Governor's decision, it sought to prevent the execution of the death sentence, in view of the doubts which the case had generated and which the report of the Governor's Committee did not allay, surely constitutes one of the finest manifestations of moral leadership and intellectual power in modern American journalism. And when one considers that the tide of authority, of fear, and of panic were all running against the Springfield Republican, its unswerving fidelity to clear thinking and brave speaking is all the more deserving of note.

G. M. BODIN.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Socialists and Revolution

SIR: In your editorial on "Dictating to the Future," you have confused the socialists with some other group. The socialists are not in favor of violent revolution, but are working for a gradual and peaceful transition from capitalism to socialism.

Indeed, the transition is already taking place, and has been taking place for several decades. It is nearly a century since 100 percent capitalism existed. Capitalism still predominates, but by infiltration a large percentage of socialism has been mixed with it. Barring unforeseen upheavals, there is every reason to believe that this process will continue until, in time, capitalism will have passed away and we shall have 100 percent socialism. The socialists are engaged in an effort to hasten this process by all legitimate and peaceful means.

The class struggle is a fact, but it need not mean war if men on both sides will be half-way reasonable. For a long time the working class has worked for the capitalist class, by agreement and without armed conflict. True, this has resulted in strikes, bickering and ill-will, but it has also resulted in valuable experience. In Russia, under exceptional circumstances, there was violent revolution. That is all the more reason why there should not be any here, for we have the Russian experience as a horrible example of what to avoid.

Please don't take Karl Marx so seriously. He was a great thinker, and he made a masterly analysis of capitalism, but he could not possibly tell us what methods to use in this day. We learn what we can from him, as we do from all other sources, and then think for ourselves.

Liberalism looks to me like a fog. Hazy people are bound to be lazy people. This, I take it, is the reason the liberals do not try to accomplish anything. They don't know what they want, and therefore they can't hustle for it. As incentives to activity, one should have intermediate goals and an ultimate ideal. We socialists have these, and it would give us profound pleasure to share them with the liberals. What could be better than to aim for brotherhood and a reign of love?

JOHN M. WORK.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The Passing of the Ang-Sax?

SIR: What you say, in your article of the seventh inst., of liberal opinion, applies to the opinion of many people who have never had any truck with liberalism, as that very vague word is more or less understood.

One cannot judge particular cases from this distance, but even from here it would appear that the disease of Fuller, Lowell and Company is very much the disease of their particular, and to me always loathsome, generation of "dominant" gang in American affairs, bordering on professions of writing, thought, executive functions.

It is, possibly, the passing of the ang-sax in America; or it possibly isn't, as decrepit things last a long time.

These men grew up in an age when editors "suppressed"; when words were "removed," etc. Men like Harvey, late comic ambassador, would print misstatements and refuse to acknowledge correction; I don't mean on large issues only, but simply that the standard of accuracy was low . . . and the cult of low-browism (further idolization of inaccuracy) rampant.

Bales of papers reach me, containing columns about "law"; but no American journal ever actually prints the text of the law; and in some cases the revolting idiocy of the law-text itself would carry more conviction than any amount of eloquence.

EZRA POUND.

Rapallo, Italy.

A Study of Wilson

SIR: I wonder how many of the admirers of President Wilson are familiar with Mr. Laurence Housman's noble and touching dramatic dialogue in which he ventures to elucidate the President's ideals, hopes and bitter disappointments after his return from Paris. It is an exquisite piece of art, fine delineation of character and penetrating criticism. No student of Wilson should miss it. It is in a little volume called "Dethronements," with two almost equally interesting studies of Parnell and Chamberlain.

S. M. ILSLEY.

Santa Barbara, California.

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History for Contemporaries

Our Times. Vol. II. America Finding Herself, by Mark Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 668 pages. $5.

MR. SULLIVAN'S theme is progress. Nearly every fact, nearly every character sketch, nearly every illustration in his book reflects it. And the velocity recorded by his speedometer is startling. The studies, sentiments, creeds and diversions which he recalls so copiously in his early chapters as entering into the formation of the American character of the period under discussion, although remembered as matters of personal experience by probably half of his readers, seem as remote from today as the pictures of Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis as babies, or of Senator Depew in his horseless carriage. The book is planned to convey a sense of the accelerated speed with which human life is moving. The first part consists of a dozen chapters recalling the phenomena of the American mind in the years after the Civil War. The second part opens with the entrance of Theodore Roosevelt into politics, and deals with the growth of great combinations in industry and transportation, and the effort of the reformers under Roosevelt's leadership to secure an increase in the power of the federal government adequate to control them. A chapter is given to the emergence of the aeroplane, the chief invention of this period, as the automobile was of the one preceding. And there are two chapters of citations from the newspapers of 1904 and 1905, in which the antediluvian character of the interests of those years once more appears.

The first dozen chapters are the most attractive and significant in the book. They are a storehouse of evidence concerning American culture during the formative years of the generation which came into action about 1900. Compiled largely from the reminiscences of men still living, they have the charm of the *recherche du temps perdu* and the pathos of old home week. Mr. Sullivan properly attributes certain strains in his generation to the moral and esthetic ideals inculcated by McGuffey's readers, and the patriotic impulse communicated by the furiously anti-British histories of Barnes and Ridpath. Although he has drawn his testimony from hundreds of correspondents, his older readers will feel moved to add to it here and there. Personally, I am inclined to think that Mr. Sullivan minimizes the influence on our generation of the memories of the Civil War. In my Boston school a special course in that subject, for what we should now call the seventh grade, was conducted by the sub-master, noted throughout the city for his violent temper and vigorous expression. In middle-class homes, moreover, the belief was common that the South was at heart unrepentant, and watching for a chance "to do it again." The will to war which, under Cleveland, found ecstatic expression over the Venezuela dispute with Great Britain, and which, under McKinley, brought about an unnecessary conflict with Spain, was largely the result of sublimated memories of the earlier conflict. But we thank Mr. Sullivan whole-heartedly for recalling the cultural influence of Spencerian penmanship and Delsartian declamation. To speak personally once more, my scholastic rating was constantly lowered by my failure to hold my pen in the orthodox position prescribed by Spencer, and the formation of a taste for literature was sacrificed to the weekly effort to find some flamboyant "piece" to speak on Friday afternoon—preferably a Civil War poem, of which a wide choice was offered by the "American Union Speaker" and the volumes of the "Hundred Choice Selections."

The precise connection betwen the cultural influence, exhibited in the first third of Mr. Sullivan's book, and the events of the years in which America was finding herself, may be hard to trace in detail, but the general trend is obvious. America, in mind and character, lingered in the epoch of pioneering long after the physical stage had been passed. Closely connected with this attitude was the moral inheritance of a puritanism made amenable to social necessities. The spirit of conquest of the pioneer found renewed employment in the great years of industrial development after the Spanish War. The moral and social inhibitions afforded by the traditional Christianity of the period were far too weak to contend with the individualism of such men as Rockefeller, Carnegie, Hill, Harriman, Morgan, to say nothing of John W. Gates. In his story of Standard Oil, after confessing "the difficulty of convincing the reader . . . that such cold-blooded business murder could have been conceived and practised as late as 1872," Mr. Sullivan records his opinion that "Mr. Rockefeller never thought of himself as having done wrong to any man"; and remarks with some acuteness that he "can be understood by interpreting him in the spirit of the strain of New England religion he had through his mother. His mind was impregnated with the old doctrine of 'election.' To his competitors he gave the opportunity to be saved—they could elect to take stock in the Standard Oil Company. If they failed to elect that salvation, they were responsible for their own fate." It is, of course, unlikely that Mr. Rockefeller ever rationalized his business procedure in this way. Rather it is true that he and his contemporaries of that gaunt generation were immature types, whom a common school education had left with commonplace minds, satisfied with the righteousness of custom, of legality and respectability, although their Bible assured them that it was as filthy rags.

That the public actually realized its danger at the hands of big business and aroused itself to fight is the striking and hopeful fact of these years. That it found a leader with command of the intellectual resources of the country and the power to use them is miraculous. The almost unanimous repudiation of the methods and attitudes of big business, illustrated by the scornful hissing down of George M. Baer's assumption of the divine right of presidents of railroads and mining companies to rule their employees, and by the respectful discussion allowed to President Hadley's proposal to subject to social ostracism the malefactors of great wealth, and to reject their gifts of tainted money, followed the attack on official corruption which had been the moral issue in politics in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Roosevelt himself had become known in political life as a crusader in the latter cause—a civil-service reformer. In the first years of his presidency, he gave direction and force to the movement to control business by government. The settlement of the anthracite coal strike, the suit to dissolve the Northern Securities Company, the passage of the Pure Food Law are the victories which he won by virtue of making use of the force latent in public opinion. Mr. Sullivan writes as a follower and admirer of Roosevelt, and it must be admitted that he has ample scope for his enthusiasm in the early years of Roosevelt's administration. He writes also with the *verve* of one who bore a part in the fray. One of the best chapters in the book is the account of

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the Crusade for Pure Food. This story is inspiring, and it is above all useful as a guidebook of the way in which society can unite its forces, the novelist, the journalist, the publisher, the expert and the statesman, to protect it against the special interests which find profit in injuring it.

The years which Mr. Sullivan chronicles were halcyon ones of progress and reform. The liberal faith in the adaptability of democratic institutions to the problems of society, in the application of intelligence to public affairs, in the education of public opinion to the conditions of public welfare and to methods for their realization, was more fully justified than ever before or since. We await with trepidation Mr. Sullivan's later volumes, with their inevitable account of the betrayal of this faith.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Subversive Galilean

Why Rome Fell, by Edward Lucas White. New York: Harper and Brothers. 364 pages. $3.50.

IT is unbelievable, but so far as I know, a fact, that no historian since Gibbon has assigned due credit to Christianity for the destruction of the Roman Empire and the civilization of antiquity. Even Gibbon dealt in veiled hints and timid allusions. But considering that he wrote a hundred and fifty years ago, he is hardly to be blamed for being prudent. The surprising thing is that the nineteenth century, for all its higher criticism and freedom of the press, never enlarged upon the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of "The Decline and Fall." More astonishing still, modern scientific anti-Semitism, ever on the alert for Jewish plots and revolutions, has passed by utterly the one great historical upheaval which was patently hatched in Palestine and spread abroad by Jewish agitators.

In "Why Rome Fell," Professor Edward Lucas White, who is a classical scholar as well as the author of two attractive novels, has, his own modesty notwithstanding, done a great deal more than to amplify Gibbon's vague hint. He has, in the opinion of the present reviewer, written an original, lucid and very courageous book on the rise, growth and decay of the greatest commonwealth of ancient times. His task, as expressed in his own words in the introduction, was to answer the question, "Why did the Roman Empire, the worship of the Olympian Pantheon and the Greco-Roman civilization and culture, perish together?" His answer, in brief, is that, although there were many internal and external causes for the collapse of the Roman state, the positive and active and major factor in the annihilation of the pagan way of life was the rise and spread of Christianity—a creed alien and hostile to Western tradition.

From the point of view of effectiveness, it seems to me that Professor White has, indeed, done a little too much. Written as it is for the educated layman, his book would have gained greatly in emphasis if he had resisted the temptation to reinterpret the entire history of Rome and had confined himself to his central thesis. The novelty and courage of his main proposition deserved to stand alone, and could easily have filled a small volume. Having devoted four-fifths of his space to what is, after all, familiar and irrelevant matter, he succeeds only in giving his reader the impression that the concluding chapters dealing with the Christian catastrophe are a kind of afterthought.

Nor need a book rigidly held down to the main theme have been insignificantly small. The struggle between the Galilean and Greco-Roman way of thought and life was by no means brought to a decisive end with the dissolution of the empire in 476. And Mr. White's book, without altering its title, might have attained a greater unity if, instead of including a review of Roman history, it had followed that conflict through the smoldering centuries of the Middle Ages down to the outbreak of renewed open warfare between Renaissance and Reformation.

M. E. RAVAGE.

"Psychology" or Science

The Psychology of Personality, by P. F. Valentine. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 393 pages. $2.50.

Principles of Abnormal Psychology, by E. S. Conklin. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 457 pages. $4.50.

The Psychology of Youth, by E. J. Swift. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 342 pages. $2.50.

Archives of Psychoanalysis, Part III. Edited by L. Pierce Clark. Stamford: The Psychoanalytic Institute. 230 pages. $5.

IN ever increasing numbers, books are appearing under the title "Psychology," which, whatever their merits as literature, have little or no claim to be regarded as science. Three of the books before us belong to this class, "The Psychology of Youth," "The Psychology of Personality," and the "Archives of Psychoanalysis." The first of these books, "The Psychology of Youth," the avowed purpose of which is "to help parents to understand their children after they have passed the age of ten," contains many interesting records of successful strategy in dealing with truant boys. But, apart from some original observations on the conduct of the young, and some sagacious advice, it leaves us uninstructed as to the science of the mental functioning of youngsters.

"The Psychology of Personality," although professing to set forth "a consistent theory of personality based upon scientific psychology," deserves even less to be classed as science. It abounds in vague and sensational generalizations. In the "Archives of Psychoanalysis," of which the editor, and almost sole contributor to the present issue, is Mr. L. Pierce Clark, we are confronted with an analogous defect—a form of hectic literature is paraded as science. Mr. Pierce Clark does not hesitate to define science as "analytical, critical, and logical in an intellectual sense," but he proceeds to offer in its name an elaborate, six-page, ecstatic soliloquy, supposedly of a child, on the erotic pleasure of bowel movements. In an interesting history of Leonardo da Vinci, one finds little of scientific psychology, apart from the suggestion, which may or may not be scientific, that the "La Gioconda" smile is "a subconscious reproduction of the look of complete auto-erotic satisfaction which a woman experiences when nursing her child."

Perhaps the popularization of the theories and findings of the New Psychology has reached saturation point, and we are feeling the need for more substantial and plain, if less tempting food. It is certainly somewhat trying to be reminded in every new book on psychology of the abnormal characteristics of pyromaniacs and homosexuals. It reminds one too vividly of the Coney Island show booths with their monster men and women; human spiders, contortionists, and three-legged folk. It is true that descriptions of perversions and abnormalities are calculated to appeal to the emotions, but is it the business of a work of science to make such an appeal? Science goes ahead, not

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caring a damn what people like or dislike, what thrills or astonishes them. It is only pseudo-science which has in view the entertainment of its readers. Science is not written for the book-stall; it has its destination on a college desk.

Another defect noticeable in books of the kind we are considering is the effort made to be useful, to give practical advice. No doubt, such a quality enhances their market value. It has its place in works of applied science, but it is a foreign element in science proper. Not infrequently, publishers do an injustice to a good book of science by advertising it as "practical." As an instance of this tendency on the part of publishers, Messrs. Henry Holt announce, on the cover leaf of Professor Conklin's work, "Principles of Abnormal Psychology," that "the book is . . . replete with practical suggestions bearing on personal and mental hygiene." That such an announcement does an injustice to the author is evident. It is also directly contradictory to his avowed purpose as stated by him in his preface. "My emphasis has been upon the psychology of abnormal behavior and not at all upon methods of treatment, because my point of view is that of a scientist and not that of a medical practitioner." One must admit that Professor Conklin holds very consistently to his viewpoint.

One cannot but feel somewhat pessimistic about the future of psychology, so long as it remains divorced from scientific experimentation and from scientific methodology. The old psychology was cast aside on account of its neglect of experimentation, and its isolation from natural science, but at least it had the merit of being faultlessly logical in the conclusions it drew from its premises and assumptions. Such, however, has been the reaction against it that even that which was good in it, its methodology, was also jettisoned. It behooves the modern school to beware of coming to the pass where it will neither be able to boast of experimentation nor of logic.

E. Boyd Barrett.

Pierrot in New York

Grotesque, and Other Reflections, by Mary Cass Canfield. New York: Harper and Brothers. 238 pages. $2.

In these sketches, Miss Canfield writes principally of women: Mrs. Asquith, Aphrodite, Mary MacLane, Duse, Mrs. Fiske, Yvette Guilbert, Ruth Draper, Beatrice Lillie. And to these varied personages she brings a real appreciation of style, a real sense of artistic personality, but an intelligence which, for our own day, seems rather curiously old-fashioned. Miss Canfield, even in dealing with the contemporary theater, seems still to dwell in the nineties: when she writes of Aphrodite, she inevitably falls into an echo of Pater on the Mona Lisa—"She had hushed her hungry soul to sleep with the music of viols," etc.—and the critic she invokes most frequently is Mr. Arthur Symons. Like Mr. Symons, she is an impressionist: she is content to enjoy works of art; she does not care to appraise their comparative merits, to speculate about their significance. Thus, she likens Ruth Draper to Yvette Guilbert, apparently unaware that there is a real difference in kind between them—that the latter is a genuine artist, whereas the former is only an immensely gifted mimic, who almost invariably fails where anything other than mimicry is demanded.

This addiction to rhapsodic impressionism in the vein of the end of the last century is, I believe, on Miss Canfield's part—and for all the sureness and point of her style—a sign of intellectual immaturity. Pierrot was the hero of that period, and Miss Canfield writes of Pierrot, not merely with sympathetic understanding, but with admirable critical insight: "Perhaps, then, living in an age whose preoccupation was not primarily an esthetic one, it was with a curious subconscious sense of what he represents that those who were creators of beauty among us turned to the Pierrot and rallied around the standard of his gossamer personality. Perhaps it was that they threw his graceful irresponsibility half defiantly in the face of material progress and praised the careless charm of his ways as a challenge to utilitarianism. Who knows? And in their pity, perhaps; in their sense of his solitude, of the fatigue as of a tired child that they guessed at behind his jauntiness, of the fundamental melancholy which haunts his melodious path through the universe—a solitude, a fatigue, and a melancholy which they had felt themselves since they themselves were of his kin—they were echoing Paul Verlaine's vision of this eternal singer's isolation." But the heroes and symbols of the generation which had come to maturity when we were children are only our toys and games: they are a part of our education, but they must not be allowed to take the place of those heroes and symbols of our own which we discover as the result of our new experience. Pierrot is Miss Canfield's favorite doll, which she has been carrying about too long; and it is time that she put him away.

It is time that she put him away, because Miss Canfield is an excellent writer and, for all her "music of viols" and her elaborate cadences, her style has a certain hardness, an exactitude and a fine temper, which really belong to a different world from the iridescences and diaphaneities of Arthur Symons and Verlaine. It is a New York style: its brilliance is a New York brilliance, and it is probably capable of taking a considerable edge. But she scarcely touches our poor modern New York, so far from D'Annunzio's villa, so far from the Fêtes Galantes, so far even from Duse. Or rather, she touches it only just enough to let us guess how successful with it she might be, if she once applied her eye and her mind to it. E. W.

History of American Foreign Relations, by Louis M. Sears. New York: T. Y. Crowell Company. 648 pages. $3.50.

The lenses through which American foreign relations are here viewed are somewhat rose-tinted, but the perspective is true and the vista is faithfully reproduced, rich in detail but not so profuse as to obscure the design. Professor Sears is inclined to be gentle in his judgments. There is a quality of naïveté in his treatment of the World War, which he still sees as a crusade for the right. No reference is made to the stake of American high finance in the success of the Allies. The imputation that self-interest was prominent among American motives for entering the War is rejected too summarily. The encroachments on the Caribbean are dealt with as something incidental and episodic, rather than as portents. Surely it is straining charity to say that the diplomacy of Harding and Coolidge suggests ultimate fulfillment of the augury that the World War would usher in a new era and a new international morality. Mr. Coolidge's tepid advocacy of the World Court is small foundation even for suggestion, to say nothing of more affirmative evidence to the contrary. The facts of America's foreign affairs are here ably presented, but interpretation is lacking. N. P.

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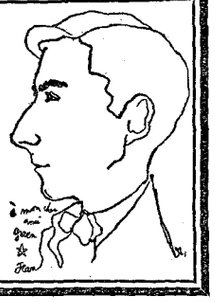

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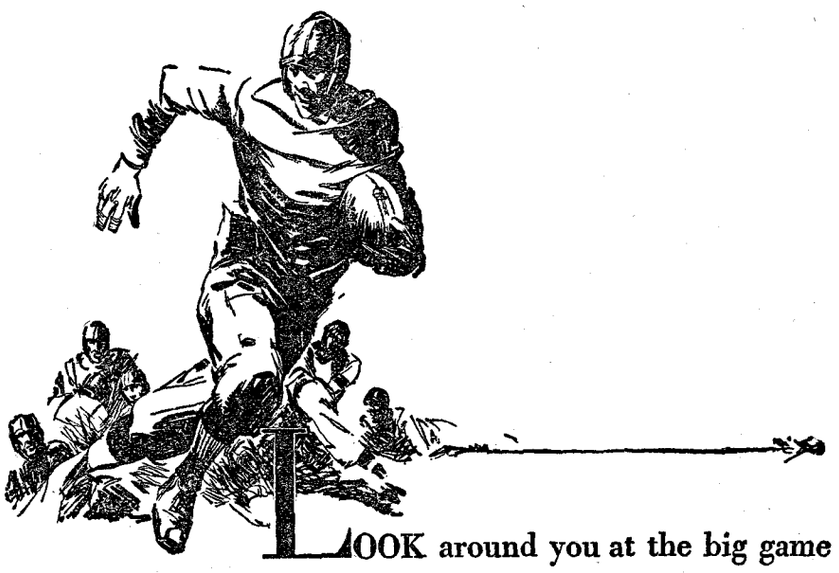

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Fiction Notes

Bugles in the Night, by Barry Benefield. New York: The Century Company. $2.

"BUGLES IN THE NIGHT" is the tale of Easley Wheatley, Confederate veteran, who spirits away a dewy-eyed young girl from a house of joy and gallantly proceeds to be a father to her. After a battle against poverty in New York, they retreat, colors still flying, to a discarded scow in South Brooklyn, where one of their fantastic neighbors is a gentle maniac with a chanticleer complex who bugles nightly to the stars. A moody young stranger suffering from loss of memory is found one morning on the rubbish heap in front of the scow, and, naturally, romance and heartaches result from his unceremonious arrival. As this outline may indicate, the story would be quite maudlin if it had been written by a less expert romancer. Barry Benefield knows how to handle pathos and wistful humor, as he proved more creditably in some of the terse, moving stories from "Short Turns." It is a pity that he should waste his talents on sentimental fairy tales, even if the result is a book which is sure to sell.

E. H. W.

The Left Bank and Other Stories, by Jean Rhys. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

"THE LEFT BANK" is a collection of brief and very brief sketches which Miss Rhys will probably look back on some day as her apprenticeship. They deal chiefly with the precarious fringes of life in Europe: women who are on their uppers, men who are lying in French jails, embezzlers, prostitutes, mannequins, artists. When she does write about those who have found soft seats in this world, Miss Rhys is merciless in putting her finger on their fatuousness or lust or timidity. Her sympathy goes to the down-and-outers, who are crippled by fear of starvation and the law. And while this identification with one class limits her understanding, it sharpens her eyes. Most of her stories are not more than half a dozen pages in length, and each of them has been filed down to such a careful concision that the reader is sometimes uncomfortably aware of the rub of the file. But what is left is sharp. We are shown, for example, a woman who is starving being set up to dinner by a "lady" who had evidently been her friend in more prosperous days. We are told merely what the lady says and, in alternate paragraphs, what she thinks. That is all: we never learn the story behind the incident. But we do see the triviality and complacency of all stupid people who have been lucky toward those who have been unlucky. L. S. M.

The Man Who Saw Through Heaven, and Other Stories, by Wilbur Daniel Steele. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

DURING the period when Katherine Mansfield suddenly became our ideal, the so-called "plot story" fell into bad repute. Wilbur Daniel Steele, however, has consistently proved that the ability to construct swift, dramatic, and surprising tales is not incompatible with artistry, that it is, indeed, a primary qualification of the short-story writer. His somber stories, with their frequent overtones of horror, rise sharply to climaxes which are often more unexpected than those of O. Henry, but for which the ground has been beautifully and logically prepared. In the present excellent collection, only the story "Sooth" falls short of its effect and verges dangerously on melodrama. E. H. W.

Silent Storms, by Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MOVED, probably, by a wistful memory of "The Harbor," Ernest Poole has again grappled with a "significant theme." His latest novel attempts the ambitious task of presenting the conflict between the new America and the new Europe. The hero, a middle-aged American financier who is one of the masters of Wall Street, marries a young French wife with a distressing tendency to meddle in the affairs of the French Fascists, and the consequent clash in their viewpoints provides the material for a rather thin and tedious story. A great novel might be written about the relation of Wall Street to post-war Europe, but "Silent Storms" is not that novel.

E. H. W.

The End of a World, by Claude Anet. Translated from the French by Jeffery E. Jeffery. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

FOR readers who do not want their archeology in straight doses, Claude Anet has concocted a Cro-Magnon romance describing the downfall of a community at the end of the Reindeer Age. In a fashion which does credit to his scholarship, he has pictured the tribal habits of the Sons of the Bear who carved on the walls of their river caves magic drawings of the animals which they hunted and which were their sole source of livelihood. He has also told very credibly how the weakened tribe was outstripped by strangers from the North who were able to tame wild animals to their service. All this is very interesting—archeologically—but when one is asked to believe that M. Anet has written a novel, it is a different matter. Nô, the hunter and artist, is merely a wooden peg upon which the unsubstantial plot is hung. One remains quite uninterested in his personal doings, and the other Cro-Magnon characters are, if possible, more shadowy. If M. Anet felt moved to write about the people whose extraordinary cave drawings illustrate his book, well and good, but it is unfortunate that he attempted to do so in fictional form. Now that he has relieved himself of the impulse, perhaps he will write an authentic novel as exquisite as "Ariane" or, a sad alternative, perhaps he will abandon himself entirely to archeology. E. H. W.

Contributors

ALVA W. TAYLOR, member of the social service commission of the Federal Council of Churches, is the author of "Social Work of Christian Missions."

NATHANIEL PEFFER, author of "The White Man's Dilemma," is now on his way to China for an extended visit.

WITTER BYNNER is author of "The New World," "Pins for Wings," and many other books of verse.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP was for some years managing editor of Vanity Fair, and is now living abroad. He is the author of "Green Fruit," a book of verse, and, with Edmund Wilson, of "The Undertaker's Garland."

M. E. RAVAGE is the author of "An American in the Making," "The Malady of Europe," and "The Story of Teapot Dome."

E. BOYD BARRETT, for many years a member of the Jesuit Order, and former professor of Psychology at Georgetown University, is now a psychoanalyst. He is the author of "The New Psychology," and other books.

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The New
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Children's Book Section

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Education without Sex Taboos

THIS subject is part of the larger question: How can we bring up our children without the usual vices and yet without making them feel odd? By the "usual" vices, I mean those which are considered to be virtues and carefully inculcated in a conventional moral training; namely, cruelty, cowardice and jealousy. Before discussing the special problem of sex education, I should like to say a few words on the more general topic.

Take, first, cruelty. Already, because I think it a mistake to give a training in cruelty, I have been obliged to offend all my neighbors beyond hope of forgiveness. This has arisen as follows: Beacon Hill School, which opened on September 21, has two hundred and forty acres of ground, almost all wild woodland. The hunt has hitherto been allowed to pursue the fox over this ground and has asked me to give the same permission, which I have refused. Those who know English county society will realize that in so doing I have committed a worse offense than the advocacy of atheism, pacifism or free love. Yet I could not give the children at the school a right outlook if I deliberately permitted the torture of animals for human amusement.

Pacifism, though less heinous than dislike of fox-hunting, is yet a very difficult matter in education. I do not desire to check the bloodthirsty play-impulses of children, but I do desire not to teach them that their most important duty is to kill each other when they grow up. This means that most history textbooks have to be avoided, and that the children have to be brought up without certain nationalist sentiments which are part of the equipment of most normal citizens.

Religion was, until lately, a very difficult matter, but now the number of adults who do not adhere to any Church is sufficiently large to prevent a free-thinker from feeling odd. It is still held, even by many who have no religious beliefs themselves, that the young ought to have them, since otherwise they cannot be taught "virtue." I am myself at a loss to understand how anything which is really virtue can depend upon falsehood. Certainly, for my part, I am not prepared to tell children anything I

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do not believe. And from what I have seen of the children (now grown up) of other free-thinkers, I should say that they compare very favorably, from a moral point of view, with the children of parsons. I do not think that, on this head, there is any real difficulty.

But sex taboos are a far more serious matter, because they enter into and poison the life of instinct, and because very few adults are really free from them. I believe them to be totally irrational and very harmful. I need not go over the ground covered in psychoanalytic literature, since competent people now recognize that the artificial ignorance of children on sex matters and the severity of the prohibitions imposed upon them are responsible for a great deal of nervous disorder in later life. There is, however, another aspect of the question, which is, in a way, more important, since it concerns normal people and not only those who suffer from nervous disorders. The teaching that everything to do with sex is wicked—which is what a child learns from conventional moral instruction—unfits many people for marriage, some in one way and some in another. Girls who have been strictly brought up become incapable of unrestrained love; though they may believe that marriage is a sacrament, the part of it that seems to them sacred is the prohibition of adultery. Thus jealousy becomes surrounded with all the attributes of virtue, and love is kept like a tiger in the Zoo, as something interesting but too dangerous to be at large. Among well-to-do young women this attitude has given place to another, which is its antithesis, but has the defects of a revolt. Having rejected, superficially but not fundamentally, the view that all sex is sin, they have taken up with the view that sex is a trivial amusement. The poetry, the sense of mystic union, the blossoming and unfolding of all that is best in our nature, which belong to a deep love, are not for them: love, like alcohol, is snatched in an atmosphere of prohibition, trivial, crude and poisonous. The puritan succeeds much more easily in destroying the poetry of what he considers sin than in preventing the acts which he deplores. It was not in an atmosphere of prohibition that Keats wrote:

> O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
> Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
> Tasting of Flora and the country-green
> Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!

Such drinking as I have seen in America in recent years would not have lent itself to treatment in verse. And the same thing is true of love, when those who practise it believe in their instincts that they would be better if they did not. I have known men who could not have sexual relations with women whom they respected, who lived platonically with their wives, whom they deeply loved, and had trivial affairs with women whom they despised. All this is a result of bad education in matters of sex.

Coming now to the concrete problem of the education of children, it is, of course, evident that, if the right result is to be produced, they must not, at any age, be left in charge of people whose outlook is wrong. The most highly trained nurses have been taught to deal with masturbation in a manner calculated to produce insanity. And the foundations of deceitfulness in later life are laid when a child is taught, in the name of decency, to be furtive about evacuation. Moreover, the usual motive to which ignorant women appeal in trying to produce what they consider right conduct is terror; thus the child comes to think that acts inspired by fear are better than those inspired by adventurousness. This produces a timorous adult, incapable of independent thought or feeling, and anxious only to escape the censure of neighbors. I think it quite likely that the inferiority of women to men, hitherto, in intellectual and artistic achievement, has been very largely due to the timidity which they acquired from sexual taboos. It is not to be supposed that this timidity is necessarily eliminated from the unconscious when conduct ceases to be such as convention dictates. A very strong instinctive drive, such as that of sex, can break through imposed prohibitions, when weaker impulses, such as that of artistic creation, remain crushed.

Children should not at any age be taught that certain parts of the body are peculiar. In a civilized community, there would be no such thing as "decency," which is merely an externalization of indecency in thought and feeling. When we were equipping our school, we were looking one day for diagrams suitable for the teaching of physiology. We found some which were admirably made, one showing muscles, one nerves, one veins and arteries and so on. But, unfortunately, in all of them the sexual parts were omitted. To show such things to children is to give them a feeling that there is some mystery about these parts, which causes them to think about sexual matters, and to think in just the wrong way. We all, however virtuous and prudish, think a great deal more about sex than we should do if we had been brought up freely. Some mothers I have known, having learned that they ought to allow their little boys to be with them while they dress, nevertheless ask them to look away while they are washing, thus doing more harm than if they kept the children away altogether. Children should see each other and their parents naked whenever it so happens, and they should observe that their parents do not mind being naked before each other. But they should not see too much affection between their parents, as this gives rise to feelings of jealousy. I fear that in many homes this caution would be unnecessary.

Questions about sexual matters must be answered in the same tone of voice, and with the same manner, as any other questions. It will then be found that the interest in the subject is vastly less than the interest in trains and aeroplanes. I have found in both my own children great interest in the fact that

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children grow inside their mothers, because they feel that this is a fact about their own early lives. My boy (five and a half) knows that a seed comes from the father into the mother, but the fact does not interest him, and he has not yet asked how it is planted. When he asks, he will be told, but so far he has shown no signs of wanting to know.

I do not believe in teaching children about the "sacredness" of sex or motherhood or anything else. The right attitude seems to me to be purely scientific: the facts are so and so. Like all other facts, they should not be forced on children, but should be told them when they want to know them. The emotions that we may wish them to feel later on cannot, in any case, be felt before puberty, and should arise spontaneously, not as a result of teaching, since taught emotions are not genuine. I do not deny that emotions can be taught by Dr. Watson's methods; what I am thinking of is the method of moral exhortation.

I have not attempted to deal with the problems which arise after puberty and before the boy or girl is fully adult. These are difficult problems, as to which I have as yet not much experience of modern methods. I know the appalling misery that I went through myself in those years, owing to an old-fashioned education, and I know that the evil effects have pursued me down to the present day. I find that large numbers of men and women say the same thing. There is, therefore, every reason for condemning the methods of the past. But as to the exact method of handling the problems of adolescence, I cannot say that I have as yet any very decided opinion, for lack of sufficient intimate experience.

Whatever restrictions may be necessary in later life as regards sexual behavior, I am sure that the method of the taboo is not the right one for securing them. There should be freedom in thought and speech and feeling; so far as the police permit, there should be freedom to discard clothing, for instance, in bathing. The belief that sex is sinful, which must otherwise exist in the unconscious if not in conscious thought, is a potent source of unhappiness, leading to intolerance, cruelty and mental cowardice. I read in a letter to the newspaper from a religious person that we ought not to expose the body, because God made it. I could not follow the argument, nor understand why it should not involve hiding our noses, which, presumably, God also made. The whole conception that certain things are shameful, and must not be mentioned above a whisper, seems to me a mere relic of barbarism. So far from contributing to human happiness, it causes untold misery. And it produces that very preoccupation with sex which it is supposed to prevent. Men and women brought up without this taboo will think about sex freely and fearlessly, but far less frequently and broodingly than the old-fashioned puritan, who is led by unconscious envy to see sin everywhere.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

History in the Public Schools

PARENTS who care to know what is being done to prepare the rising generation for the serious business of citizenship should read Bessie L. Pierce's "Public Opinion and the Teaching of History in the United States" (Knopf). Here may be discovered the nature of the operations that tend to standardize the minds of children to fit the theories of groups, parties, factions and cliques. By way of relief, the inquiring parent should also consult the files of The Historical Outlook, a monthly journal for readers and teachers, which reveals tendencies in research and learning that work in the opposite direction, towards enlightened intelligence as distinguished from formulas of salvation. An examination of these documents is worth a hundred spasms over acts of terrorism against teachers, real and alleged, and a thousand vague longings for wisdom and understanding with respect to the problem.

"It is the purpose of this study," writes Miss Pierce, "to give an historical account of some of the attempts to control the teaching of history in the public schools. The first four chapters trace the legislative control that has been exerted in all periods of our history, beginning with the educational enactments of the early colonies, and following the development of the curriculum to the present time. . . . Besides the legislative aspects of the subject, I have endeavored to set forth the propagandist influences on textbook-making exerted by religious, patriotic, racial and other organized groups. Within the last five years attention to an unprecedented degree has been focussed upon history and its allied subjects. Although much interest has been attached to the agitation carried on since the World War, similar movements marked earlier periods. A chapter on Disloyalty Charges against Teachers since 1917 has been included as pertinent to the discussion in general."

In the place of the hot resentment at public pressure on the schools burning through "The Goose-Step," we have here a cold survey of the evolution of political and social control over public institutions of learning in the United States. The facts speak for themselves. For example, we see contemporary patriots trying to unify the teaching of American history by supplementing legal authority with a text, written by a professor of English, so

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designed as to fix the pattern for all thinking about the past, present and future of the nation. Initiated by the American Legion and endorsed by respectability throughout the country, this work attempted to lay down golden rules for the guidance of teachers and pupils in determining their attitude toward the settlement on this soil, exploitation of its natural resources, the relation of capital and labor, and recent adventures in imperialism. Among the organizations which coöperated with the Legion in this drive on the schools were the American Legion Auxiliary, American Federation of Labor, American War Mothers, Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Boy Scouts of America, Civic League for Immigrants, Colonial Sons and Daughters, Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the War of 1812, Daughters of the Confederacy, Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Knights of Pythias, League for American Citizenship, National Association for Constitutional Government, National Association of Naval Veterans, National Child Welfare Association, National Civic Federation, National Security League, Service Star Legion, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Union Society of the Civil War, United Confederate Veterans, Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Women's Home Mission Society.

And their combined goal was primarily the training of a generation to understand that "Our Union, Our Security, and All Our Progress are built upon Loyalty to Law." But there was also a second objective, namely, to reveal the "Divine Purpose" working out a mighty mission for America—"to teach to all the world the worth of human brotherhood. We have shown, and we must continue to show, the progress that a nation can make when its people aim to live in harmony as equals, to join in united effort, and to give fair play even to the weakest." Had this campaign made headway against the guardians of the schools, no doubt a generation of teachers and pupils throughout the land would have risen as one to protest against the recent use of the big stick in Nicaragua, but it failed, in spite of the distinguished and powerful backing its promoters received.

Just before this attempt to standardize American historical teaching, a vigorous spokesman of the Old South, a leading Daughter of the Confederacy, had revived its spirit and turned its guns on all instructors of youth in the nation who ignored "Truths of History." Measuring rods were devised by which books used in the schools and general library collections were to be tested; and those failing to conform with the required attitude toward the planters' system were rejected. Since the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Confederate Veterans and their Sons later endorsed the American Legion effort to unify history teaching in the country, no doubt a proper adjustment was made with the inventors of the new measuring rods.

Large as it is, this does not complete the roll of belligerents seeking to capture the class rooms where the youth of the nation is being taught this or that. There are publishing houses that are interested in popular "isms" which will sell, rather than in national destiny and the special pleadings of any group. Here and there are willful educators who have individual tastes and can still indulge them, men and women who prefer to teach, let us say, romantic history or biographical gossip or social and industrial evolution. Some of these are honestly afraid of giving general ideas to young people, and insist on limiting those entrusted to their care to the narratives of action and personal prowess. A minority of instructors are convinced that, if thinking is to be done, the power of generalization must be encouraged, and so they devise texts on their own motion, or make use of existing topical history, project methods of presentation, social and economic surveys. The peace advocates have their texts and programs of study. Labor leaders are examining the contents of books to see whether class or mass is being emphasized. Women are gradually looking into sex biases already represented and proposing new ones of their own. Bankers are watching for opportunities to instill their peculiar fiscal morals. Scientists peer out of their laboratories to inquire where they come into the scheme of instruction. Psychologists would scrap the old history and introduce the new, giving more attention to products of the intelligence and less to the deeds of heroes and warriors.

So the battlefield is crowded with gunners. Happily for the generation, however, the crowded character of the arena prevents any single battalion from sweeping the entire front at once by the power of its own implements of war. And political domination of national education is not yet complete enough and centralized enough to stamp out all variety in educational experimenting and subdue all freshness of opinion to set formulas.

It is true that here and there, from time to time, a state of terrorism prevails, forcing teachers of history to surrender their minds to self-constituted custodians of morals and law. But within a continent so vast and a nation so varied in ethnic and occupational interests, there is still opportunity for play of the spirit, free inquiry into the past and present, idle curiosity flowering in initiative and daring, and some questioning about the future. And it is from the diversity of interests that all liberty —as well as creative imagination—springs, according to James Madison, the exalted "Father of the American Constitution."

This or that party, faction, group, clique, class, profession, lodge, fraternity, and society will continue to gun for the children through their reading matter, but it is not at all probable that any one of them will be able to impose its will on them all. Teachers are better and more widely trained than ever, they have a larger voice in the selection of

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books (small as it is in many cities), they are more closely in touch with the diversified currents of world opinion, and it will become increasingly difficult to cabin and confine the electric power of thought. It is not given to the Society of Colonial Dowagers or the educational committee of the Ancient Order of the Palm and Cocoanut to baffle and defeat "right reason and the will of God."

While all these efforts at shaping instruction in history are being made by special interests, good and bad, a large body of teachers and school administrators are trying to keep their heads amid the swirl and conflict of opinions, honestly seeking to learn whatever is valuable and of good report in each particular plea, and yet primarily concerned with truth itself, convinced that the love of truth and the desire to be intelligent are more precious possessions than any segments of bigotry. All over the country, our colleges, universities, and normal schools are developing courses of instruction which widen the horizon of teachers, give them a better perspective, and enable them to understand and transcend local, class and group prejudices. The best hope for increasing intelligence in the management of instruction in public schools lies in these enlarging provisions for higher education. In spite of all the raging among the heathen, the textbooks available for grade and high-school instruction in history are constantly improving. If anyone has any doubts about the advance of the past fifty years in this relation, let him or her compare W. H. Venable's "School History of the United States," issued in 1872, with the manuals published by the reputable houses of this nation in the year of grace 1927.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Unlocking the Libraries

I

EACH successive conference of the American Library Association lays greater stress on the relations between library and school. Public libraries in America, originally designed to satisfy adults in search of knowledge, have become largely inhabited by children in search of recreation. To meet the situation, special rooms have been set apart within libraries, and special branches have been established in many school buildings. The principle of "supplementary reading," requiring the student to use more than a single text, has also furthered the formation of book collections in schools. Nor are educators alone in favoring this trend. Smaller publishers, seeing the competition for the profitable "state-wide adoption" business develop into a battle of men and munitions, favor the use of supplementary texts as a means of survival in the face of monopoly. Thus the interplay of forces will, in time, put a library in every school, and link both systems together.

II

It is, of course, too obvious to say that the aim of any educational system—child or adult—is to produce neither Babbitts nor bookworms but men with an "organ for truth" who, in matters of moment to themselves or society need be nobody's gulls, because their one essential equipment is a capacity for checking facts for themselves and arriving at their own conclusions. But where, in the long run, can one check facts readily, without undue outlays of time and money, except in a well stocked library? Now it is an unavoidable fact that the richer the library the less is the possibility for an average reader, young or old, to get direct access to the books—not merely to the open, and limited, reference apparatus, but to the entire sweep of the library collection where he may range at will and sift his data through his own hands. In the large libraries there will always stand, between the seeker and the books, a catalogue. Will the catalogue be, for him, a door leading into the heart of his quest —or a wall, shutting him off? That, the librarian will say, depends upon whether he has learned to use it. But, as a plain matter of fact, *can* he ever learn to use it effectively? There is a complacent assumption in library circles that this question was disposed of long ago and is scarcely discussible. The catalogue, by tacit consent, appears to be the least of library problems. And yet there is evidence that the modern dictionary card catalogue is the weakest spot in the whole library system; that nobody can really master it; and that unless a better system be discovered—or perhaps rediscovered—all plans for public enlightenment which depend upon the general and intelligent use of libraries are massing a load upon a keystone which may prove unequal to the weight.

As the children flock into the libraries, and as the libraries move into the schools, it becomes important to consider this problem. Just because the children are the most voracious readers, it is important to consider it in relation to them, though the solution may be of immediate benefit only to the more exigent adults. The children will read, in spite of the catalogue, up one shelf and down another, like rabbits in a lettuce bed. Yet they cannot escape the influence of the catalogue. It stands between them and the books, even when they are not aware of it. It influences the methods of librarians, and shapes the library habits of the child readers. Is the catalogue a key to the books, and

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a guide to what is in them, or is it a barrier, capable only of perpetuating the childish method of haphazard picking and choosing?

III

There was a time, within the memory of the present generation, when a library catalogue consisted of a bound, printed volume, or series of volumes, which one could consult conveniently at a desk in the library or in the privacy of one's home. There, if properly classified, lay spread before your eyes a guide to all available knowledge that the library commanded. One subject led logically into another, step by step, until, by the time you reached the subject of your immediate interest, you could not fail to see it in its relative position as part of an ordered scheme of knowledge. You may, perhaps, have disagreed with the basic scheme of classification, or you may have found individual subjects or books grotesquely misclassed. But, on the whole, you felt yourself to be in the hands of a competent guide who, at least, knew his own mind.

Today the printed, bound catalogue is no longer possible for a large or growing library. Everywhere the card catalogue is the rule. Now the card catalogue has one immense advantage: it can always be kept up to date; but (as Mr. Ashley, of the Library of Congress, has pointed out) it is so extravagant a consumer of space that in a large library it threatens to crowd out books and readers; it is awkward to consult the trays above one's head or near one's feet; the use of one drawer by one reader in searching one book shuts off the use of the other 1,500 cards by other readers; and its cost is prohibitive. "Our card catalogue," says Mr. Ashley, "is merely a loose-leaf book of some millions of thick leaves, printed on one side only, bound in wooden covers in 4,112 volumes, costing about $92,000 per set"—that is, for one copy. This neat description of the Library of Congress catalogue applies with equal force to all the great public libraries.

The prevailing form of catalogue in all libraries today is the Dictionary Catalogue, an American invention which has already invaded England and Russia, and may, perhaps, even reach the venerable library of the Vatican. As its name implies, it is arranged in one alphabet, like a dictionary. Author's names, titles of books, subjects, titles of magazines, or series of publications, of corporations, of governments, are all thrown together in one alphabet with no attempt whatever at logical classification. As Mr. Ayres recently characterized it in the New Republic, it is "that universal leveler which condemns Marx, Karl, and Mary, Virgin, to the uneasy juxtaposition of the letters M-A-R!" Every subject is designated by its closest possible name (Abbeys, *not* Cathedrals or Church Architecture, or Monasteries; Westminster Abbey, *not* Abbeys; Abscess, *not* Medicine, or Diseases, or Pathology); and every specific subject, however minute, is tied together by a complicated series of "see" and "see also" cross references with all cognate subjects, whether coördinate, subordinate or illustrative; and all these subjects are thrown together, as the author of the system admits, "without any logical arrangement, in most absurd proximity . . . a mass of utterly disconnected particles . . . each useful in itself but only by itself. . . ."

Now all this is not as fantastic as it sounds. Back of it was the theory that as you go to a dictionary for a specific word so you go to the library for a specific inquiry, and you want quick action. And in a small library it works in a rough-and-ready fashion. If you want a book by a given author, or by a given title, or on a given subject, you are likely to find it, if the library possesses it. But if you are engaged in a serious bit of research on a fairly complex subject in a large library, the dictionary method goes bankrupt. Let us assume that you are interested in certain phases of the crime question, and wish to run down everything in the Library of Congress within the field of your immediate subjects, but have no access to the shelves and are dependent on its card catalogue. If this catalogue were a systematic classified catalogue corresponding to the actual arrangement of the books on the shelves, you would turn to Class HV, Social Pathology, and there find, in orderly array, the general works on criminology, followed by works on criminal anthropology, with its subdivisions anthropometry, criminal psychology, etiology, etc.; then criminal classes—statistics, history, etc.; crimes and offenses; penology: police and detective methods, prison administration, reformatories—all minutely and logically subdivided according to a visible orientation which would enable you to integrate every aspect of the subject at every stage of your investigation. Now if, in pursuit of the same subject, you turn to the "Subject Headings used in the Dictionary Catalogues" of the same library, you find, first, a general heading, Crime and Criminals, with a hint to "see also":

> *Abduction, abortions*, adulterations, adultery, alcoholism and crime, anarchism and anarchists, arson, assassination, body-snatching, bribery, brigands, burglary, capital punishment, conspiracies, conspiracy, contempt of court, convict labor, counterfeits, dacoits

and so on, in one hash of subjects which have in common only the accident of alphabetic proximity, down to:

> suicide, swindlers, thieves, thugs, tramps, treason, trials, vice, vigilance committees, wife beatings, woman—crime;

Then a few more headings beginning with the word crime; then an interruption—Crimean War; then Crimes and misdemeanors, followed by another long alphabetic list; Criminal Evidence, *see* Evidence, Criminal; Criminal Law, followed by a long

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alphabetic list of subjects; Criminal Procedure, followed by a long alphabet; Criminal Statistics, etc., etc.

In the classified catalogue you may find order, clarity, system. In the dictionary catalogue you lose all sense of direction and proportion. It has taken the living subject, lopped off all its branches, dried them and laid them out pat and flat in alphabetic, totally irrelevant arrangement—as if a department store were to arrange all its goods by alphabet on its counters: abdominal belts, accelerators, accordions, adding machines, adzes, etc., on the top floor, down to Yale locks, yard goods, zigzag rules and zinc in the basement!

Nor is the objection finicky and subjective. The practical impossibility, under the actual working conditions which obtain in a large library, of running down all the referred subjects, with all *their* "see also" references, makes the dictionary arrangement, in effect, useless for the serious student. In the case of criminology, used for purpose of illustration, the writer speaks from experience. In one library where he had access to a classified catalogue of the subject, he made an adequate search of the collection in two working days; in another library, of approximately the same size, where he was dependent on a dictionary catalogue, the same search required almost two months! If this experience is typical—and, space permitting, enough parallel instances could be recalled from the experience of other research workers to build up a rather strong case—it might go far to explain why so many sensible people who respect their time and energy will exhaust every other resource before applying to the average dictionary catalogue.

Do librarians sense the failure of their catalogue apparatus? Occasional hints in the library press would indicate a feeling of unease on the part of a few who are actually brought face to face with it; as when Bostwick notes how people avoid the catalogue when possible:

> The crowd around the catalogue in a closed-shelf library and its absence in an open-shelf library tell their own tale. These contrasts are especially noticeable in a city library where some branches are conducted on the open-shelf and some on the closed-shelf principle. (American Public Library, 1917, p. 191.)

Or when J. C. M. Hanson, for many years head of the Catalogue Division of the Library of Congress, himself instrumental in the installation of the great dictionary catalogue of that institution, remarks that

> to those who have been in close touch with the work it is obvious that it would have been more economical to have adopted a classed catalogue with a subject index. . . . As for economy of compilation, it is my firm conviction that strict adherence to the principle of specific entry . . . would in the long run prove well-nigh impossible in the catalogue of a large and rapidly growing library. A subject catalogue compiled according to this plan must, it seems to me, resolve itself in course of time into a mere subject index in which it becomes practically impossible to guard against the ultimate dispersion of the literature on the one and the same topic under various headings.

Or when his successor, Mr. Martel, the present chief of the Catalogue Division, qualifies his general approval of the dictionary catalogue with: "I make the reservation that in libraries mainly or exclusively devoted to reference service, a classed catalogue is needed, not to say indispensable, in addition." (A. L. A. Fiftieth Anniversary Conference, 1926. Bulletin, vol. 20, p. 495).

IV

Does any practical remedy lie at hand? For many libraries, fortunately, there is a solution not only simple but, in point of expense, immediately workable. Most American libraries now buy their printed catalogue cards from the Library of Congress. All libraries have a "shelf-list"—that is, a catalogue which follows the order of the books as they actually stand on the shelves. This shelf-list is generally kept back of the scenes, for official use. It is not as tidy as the sumptuous public catalogue; *but*—it is, in effect, a class catalogue, all prepared and ready for use in real research. Now why should not those libraries whose shelf-list is in printed card form give the public access to it? Why not equip it with proper guide cards, with a full index of subjects, and with a general explanation of its scope and content, and move it into the public catalogue room, side by side with the regnant dictionary catalogue? Let the public use both and watch results.

Furthermore, let these libraries also issue, in pamphlet form, a condensed outline of the classification scheme of the library, to be distributed freely or at cost. Before long the readers of the library will begin to take these pamphlets home and study them at leisure; and before long they will begin to feel their way into the orderly classification scheme as they will never be able to do in the scatter-brained dictionary catalogue. Even where the library classification follows that procrustean device known as the Dewey Decimal system the reader will still get a sense of the unity of knowledge, and a capacity for its coördination in his own mind. When he comes to the library, he will be oriented in its ways and ready to go as far as the resources of the library will take him.

The child reader comes to the library, already knowing that C is for Cat. Generally he knows how to use the dictionary and the telephone book. He can master the library catalogue for the purpose of the day's lesson. But there will come a time when he will crave something beyond the reach of the children's librarian, when he will want to engage in exploration on his own account. To such a one, at such a time, the dictionary catalogue is not the map that he needs. JULIAN LEAVITT.

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Children Really Like Poetry

THEY give the secret away by constantly trying to make it.

We, who keep thinking of poetry as a sort of spiritual mustard plaster applied to the young in the course of a dutiful schooling, should listen in on any Johnny when he peers through the window at the rain. Ten to one he will be droning something like:

It's raining, it's pouring,
The old manissnoring. . . .

Stand like a detective at Johnny's door during nap-time and hear a jumble of delicious words:

"Mr. Potata, this is Mr. Tomata. Mr. Tomata, Mr. Potata. Yamata, Yapata, Batata, Maneta. . . . " Then after a pause, the cold-in-the-head cry of the Elephant's Child: "Led go, you're hurtig be."

Lines come back to Johnny during nap-time while he lies still and lazily turns over all the bright-colored stones of his memory:

We were very Ti-Yard, we were very MER-ry.
We had gone back and forth All NIGHT on the FER-ry.

Children like poetry. They seldom like it just as we direct. They evade our tastes. They prefer to play with it without reverence. *And they are not interested in our interest in it.* But they require it, some way or other. They like some of the poetry already made, but first they like to make their own, for themselves. Children are the Great Particulars, poetry is never alive in the abstract—when talking of one or the other or both, it is wise to avoid generalizations. But for rough and ready handling, there is one very good rule under which the poetry of the child's life will fall: the unhappy child is the child who is not making something—if nothing more than a clutter. Corollary: the happiest child is the child who knows how to make something out of something else, all day long. Watch him—his best moments come when he is smoothing out a little city from his mashed potatoes, or cutting a flower-pattern in the soap with his finger-nail. He will make (in our eyes, often destroy) with a steady progression from point of interest to point of interest. And eventually he will get to words.

It is easy to forget the innocence and zest of the earliest poems. This summer I copied down several fragments, composed by children about five years old—composed for no reason or occasion and repeated over and over during the monotonous business of shoe-lacing. (Routine toil and poetry always did go hand in hand. Utopians please note.) One goes like a spiritual:

Where is my home?
I walk to the east.
Where is my home?
I walk to the west.
Where is my home?
I walk
down
down
down.

Another states the familiar ecstasy of every poetic generation:

Go on, go on, the world is real.
The trains are tooting,
Toot, toot, toot. . . .
And the world is real for me.

We take very little interest in his poetry, except now and then, to show him off. But presently, we ask the child to take an interest in ours. It is part of the equipment of every well bred middle-class child to know "I Stood Tip-toe," and the "West Wind." He mustn't be illiterate. Ask him another. And so he will be given the poetry of the race—a book with the invisible inscription on the fly-leaf concerning a fact he has already experienced: *The world is real.*

And just as his mother starts giving him Wordsworth's "Daffodils," (in preparation for the eventual question, "Who wrote, 'I wandered lonely as a cloud'?"), along with all her other dutiful intentions, he will tell her that he hates poetry and wants a three-wheeled bicycle.

There are two ways of making poetry real: you must show the child how human and natural it is; and then you must let him experience its sophistication. Watch children closely and see how constantly these two opposites carry their interest. They delight in sophistication because they haven't yet followed it out; the primitive they understand. I think we have talked too much about how savage they are, without remembering the arch wisdom they study, and the complexity they practise and enjoy. The first five years for a child are a tremendous progress in sophistication. (We dislike this word, but we must get over disliking it.)

Our too theoretical attitudes keep trying to make us savage ourselves down to the child level. We forget that our chief charm for our children is the air we have of knowing. Our wrinkles interest them; we are packages of experience for them; they refuse us when we try to be innocent. And the child on his side of the fence keeps shocking us by his ability to be a much better savage than we can even construct out of our memory-sweetened pasts.

And so we parallel our children, neither as savage nor as delicate as they—the boy or girl who dreams over his oatmeal, and cannot get his underwear buttoned, forgets his rubbers and has to be told over and over not to make so much noise. He has a hard time conquering the material world, opening doors that stick, getting books down from high shelves, fixing broken playthings. . . . He knows very little about the jutting, massive world—the sun, the stars, the wind, the lightning, trains, elevators, big dogs, blue-winged flies—all these are hurled at him out of a mystery. The world is full of the *must* of going to bed, washing his hands, eating his breakfast, following some movement of the day, and the season. He has no sense of the past; he has no sense of time, except for these slow seasons—his birthday that lags, Christmas, school's beginning. There are many big words he cannot get people to define. . . . His parents and teachers act in incomprehensible ways, seem to be pressed forward by some invisible hand at the back of the neck—they say over and over that they "must work"—they frown and look abstracted when they pay bills—they often sit and worry with little numbers, looking secret and troubled. In the midst of being an understandable parent, they often meet grown-ups and suddenly talk and act in an alien unnatural manner. This baffling parent, with all his flaws and funny-spots, must be thoroughly tested, if the child is to get along at all, or ever be able to bend anyone to his will.

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And then, over the parent's shoulder, he glimpses the world.

What neither the parent nor the world will tell him, poetry tells him. Not much about the compulsion of work and money, but a great deal about feelings. Poetry tells him that grown-ups fear darkness, too; cry out in pain, have wanted their mothers; and admit that they are tired or sad, frightened or ashamed. This is a great comfort to discover—even a joy to discover—although it would be painful to see a parent in the moment of any of these feelings, really admitting them, as poetry does.

Poetry can cry as wildly as a child, and still not hurt anybody.

And then he begins to discover that grown-ups have an emotion about death that he cannot identify. Poetry is set down to its soft tread, from first to last.

> Weep with me, all you that read
> This little story,
> And know for whom a tear you shed
> Death's self is sorry.

Again and again the sad adult voice says:

> Beauty is but a flower,
> That wrinkles will devour,
> Brightness falls from the air,
> Queens have died, young and fair,
> Dust hath closed Helen's eye. . . .

Listening to such poetry will do for a while, but next to making it, which he will always like best if he starts young enough, he will most enjoy the story of how it came to be made. Our textbook instruction has done its best to deaden this very lively interest in all of us; but the pedants are on their last legs and fighting hard for their pedantic lives. People are learning outside the school-room. As a nation we are going to school almost as enthusiastically as the Russian peasant nation. With this difference: the peasant never had a school; we have had schools that taught us, in error and stupidity, what we did not want to know. And now we are discovering the excitements of learning—we would rather read the "Story of Philosophy," or the story of Medicine Men, ("Microbe Hunters"), or even the Story of Canoe Building Through the Ages, then read the yellowest of fiction. This is a fine discovery, notwithstanding the fact that it has made many a cheap author famous. And applied to children, among the books of the current year we have an excellent series put out by the house of Harper: "The Story of Bread," "The Story of Milk," the stories of Transportation and the Telephone, with more to come. Which brings us to the event of the fall, a book entitled "The Winged Horse" (Doubleday Page; $3.50), written by two poets, Frank Hill and Joseph Auslander, which should get the attention of young and old, because it is really the "Story of Poetry."

The first chapters of this book are perhaps the most important intelligent blow that has been struck for liberty in the literary world for a long time. The romantic smugness of the textbook has no place here:

> Usually we see it [poetry] in newspapers or magazines, or in slender books that few people seem to read. It is not what we would call a useful thing. It will not run plows or turn the wheels of factories. It will not speed up an automobile or tell a young man or a young woman how to succeed in business. The captain of an ocean liner, starting across the sea, does not say a poem as his ship leaves the dock, and of the millions of people making gardens every spring, it is safe to say that none of them recites a verse as he covers his seeds with earth.
>
> But when poetry was first made, people used it for things very much like these. They were sure that they could not sow wheat or barley, go out to sea in a ship, make their gods hear them, get well if they were sick, or fight their enemies, without poetry. . . . If someone could have destroyed their poetry, they would have been as frightened and helpless as men would be today if all the newspapers, theaters, schools and churches should suddenly and mysteriously be blotted out.

Every word-lorn child should have this book for Christmas. I like the tone of the voice of these pages. It has the ease of a person who tells something already very well understood, if not entirely worked out, to a good listener. That is the best bridge for any child's book to cross on. The first chapters deal with the change every child experiences in himself when he goes from literal belief into play belief, or when he enjoys both states simultaneously. Here we have the first glimpse of the farmer sowing his grain to an incantation, sung for the God of Fertility. Then, lo, we have the repetition, in entire disbelief, a century later, of the same verses simply because the song was a pleasure to sing and the discarded belief in itself a metaphysical amusement to reassume.

Being poets, Mr. Hill and Mr. Auslander have a craftsman's honest interest in the subject. A creator is never afraid to give away his secrets; the less secret his craft, the more excitement for his creation. Pedants, only, surround their learning with burglar alarms and a series of locked doors, fearing that the little pile of learning will diminish if handled freely. It is a beautiful case of occupational determinism. Poets want audiences; they die for lack of them. Pedants want to keep their subjects authoritative, mysterious, false and difficult—because they want to keep their jobs. Mr. Hill and Mr. Auslander are working for the poetry of the land in writing this book; they know the plight of their fellow-poets, enunciating into a vacuum. And beginning a long way off, they start telling the whole story, in the most delightful and dramatic fashion, so that we get the full force, eventually, of the present. The old vexed matter of technique and prosody becomes as natural as rat-tat-tat on a fence; the unwieldy classic forms grow light and flexible with a swinging background. This book may be the basis for a real poetic renaissance fifteen years hence.

Children really like poetry. But they seldom care for poetry books—that flood of conventional, second-rate rhyming, illustrated by amateurs, stamped out by the hundred on a hot summer day for the Christmas trade, grabbed up by hurrying week-end guests and disheveled parents and presented to the needy child.

He is better off with nothing at all.

In this regard the world has progressed very little this year over last. Most of such poetry is written by disappointed coupleteers who versify the bath-tub and the cake of soap, and then induce a publisher to spread the poor rhyme on a page with a little Milne typography. Adulterated poetry is, if assimilated, as bad, no doubt, as chalky milk. I went through a pile of fall poetry books to discover how many deserved Grade A.

"Everything and Anything," by Dorothy Aldis, (Minton Balch and Company, illustrated by Helen D. Jame-

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son, $2) is competent and imaginative, straining a point here and there, but on the whole a nice, although an unstimulating little volume. Except for the illustrations, which bring it down to the ordinary level. . . . I can see no excuse for the dullness of "Let's Pretend," by Georgette Agnew, (G. P. Putnam's Sons, illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard, $1.75). . . . "Stuff and Nonsense," by Walter de la Mare, (Henry Holt and Company, illustrated by Bold, $2) is the most beautiful book I have found, with remarkable decorations, de la Mare verse written for the humorous Exquisite Child. . . . "Looking Out of Jimmie," by Helen Hartness Flanders (E. P. Dutton and Company, decorations by Willy Pogany, $2), besides having a delightful title and amusing drawings, contains fresh and natural verse. . . . "Joan's Door," by Eleanor Farjeon (Frederick Stokes, illustrated by Will Townsend, $2), seems to me to be a very poor grade. . . . "Now We Are Six," by A. A. Milne (E. P. Dutton and Company, illustrated by E. H. Shepard, $2), is a fortunate event—it will crowd the bad books off the counters. Almost as good as "When We Were Very Young," and containing the classic:

I think I am a doctor
Visiting a sneeze. . . .
I think I am the Muffin Man. I haven't got a bell,
I haven't got the muffin things the muffin people
sell. . . .

BUT

Round about
and *round* about
and *round* about I go,
All around the table,
The table in the nursery. . . .

I think I am an Elephant,
Behind another Elephant,
Behind *another* Elephant who really isn't there. . . .

Mr. Milne's success is due perhaps to his interest in the children he writes about and for—added to an excellent and experimental sense of rhythm that few of these child rhymesters value.

"Singing Youth," an anthology of poems by children, edited by Mabel Mountsier, (Harper and Brothers, $2.50), is a little disappointing after Mr. Mearns' "Creative Youth," which drew for its material on one school only. This anthology, covering ten times as much territory, boils down in value, if not in interest, to only a bare dozen poems, the best of which is written by Tom Prideaux of the original Mearns' class. . . . "Roundabout Tabitha," by Madeline Nightingale, (D. Appleton and Company, $1.75), is one of the many well meaning, second-rate literary attempts that publishing houses seem compelled to accept. . . . "I Live in a City," by James S. Tippett, (Harper and Brothers, Nursery Series, illustrated by Elizabeth Tyler Wolcott, $1), contains no great poetry, but its very ease is remarkable, and its illustrations fit the tone precisely. . . . "The Four Winds," by Edith Ballinger Price, (Frederick Stokes Company, illustrated from drawings by the author, $2.50), is good, solid, respectable verse, illustration and book-making. Reading it will never waken a great poet in a child, but neither will it make a desperado of him. . . . "Yesterday and Today," a collection of verse arranged and selected by L. Untermeyer, (Harcourt, Brace and Company, illustrated by Edna Reindel, $2.50), is a very competent anthology covering the Victorian period and our own, English and American, not to be confused with "This Singing World," by the same editor. Louis Untermeyer knows in great detail the best work of hundreds of poets; his arrangements are always delightful. He has become a sort of invisible teacher-anthologist. The illustrations to this book seem to me unpardonably bad. . . . "Funnybone Alley," by Alfred Kreymborg, (The Macaulay Company, illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff, $3.50), is a sumptuous book, lavishly imaginative and elaborately made. It has a gaudy gaiety that children love. It links up beautifully with all of Johnny's *Tomato, Bateta* games—only a very good poet (or Johnny himself) could make up a whole long poem out of words like *Oom-pla, oom-play-play,* and *Oom-plum, plum.* For this reason it has my gaudy vote for the Grade A books of the current year, together with "The Singing Horse," the Milne verses and the de la Mare limericks.

Good doctors make the best children's doctors, good women make the best mothers, and—good writers write the best children's books. No other way out of it.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

Geography for Children

GEOGRAPHERS used to be content with a systematic ordering of facts. Modern geographers have their attention on the interplay between various forces. This change in emphasis from fact to relationship between facts has appeared in recent geography books for children—lagging somewhat behind scientific books, as is usual in educational matters. So that, at the moment, we have a confusingly wide variety of children's books lined up under the general name of geography.

Harlan H. Barrows and Edith Putnam Parker have lately written a series of textbooks "with the conviction that it is the special function of geography to describe and explain the relations existing between man and his environment." The second of the series, "Geography—United States and Canada" (Silver, Burdett), is outstanding. The facts assembled about a given region are those that would be important to a worker living there, rather than to a traveler seeking the spectacular or to the specialist in physiography or climatology. In Texas, for instance, when the cow becomes the leading lady, we are told of the enemy prairie dogs, 250 of whom eat about as much as one cow, and of the winds called "snow-eating" that blow bare spaces on the plains and save the range cattle by uncovering the "standing hay."

Philip A. Knowlton in his "Introduction to World Geography" (Macmillan) begins with "work," which from the geographic point of view is man's attack upon the physical world. He feels that for children this relationship of "work" is significant and intelligible. I heartily concur. Mr. Knowlton tries to make the children look with geographic eyes at the particular spot in which they live and with the vision born of first-hand investigation turn to the distant and consequently the vicarious world. He tries to make this distant world seem like the same world in which the children live, by telling about "Mr. Smith's farm in Indiana," for instance, instead of beginning with the natural region called the Central Plains (W. W. Atwood's way). Mr. Knowlton's maps are of especial interest. He has used perspective maps which look like

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globes, as a transition from round globe to flat map. This is a projection which in my own work I have found most successful with young children, and I rejoice to have printed maps of this sort available. Moreover, he has stressed the physical factors and minimized the political in his maps. The maps are easy to read, unconfused by a mass of names. The simplified color symbols make them look more like land and water than the old type crammed with facts. In spite of the freshness of much of the material, the book lacks charm. It has in appearance, in language and often in the thought, the textbook taint.

Neither the Knowlton nor the Barrows-Parker geographies have the attractive get-up of such a book, for instance, as "The Magic Map," by Mary Graham Bonner (Macaulay). The publishers as yet buy no such fine clothes for textbooks. Miss Bonner belongs to the large school of writers who identify imagination with magic, who wish to slip in nourishing information thoroughly disguised as entertainment. If the Knowlton type has the taint of the textbook approach to children (though much modified), the Bonner type has the taint of the "literary." By that I mean that the vivacity of the language and the extravagance of the fancy spring not from the inherent vivacity and fancifulness of the subject matter, but rather from the notion that such is the way "to get" children. After the bored boy hero has fallen asleep over his geography book and the map in front of him has stretched to a "living map" and he has shrunk to the size of "a map person," he begins his wanderings. The first stranger he encounters turns out to be Compass: the second, Western Hemisphere. Then patrolmen (boundaries) and many others follow and guide him with much instructive conversation.

I resent this magic as I do not Kipling's in his great geographic story, "The White Seal," as I do not Selma Lagerlöf's and as I do not even Charlotte M. Yonge's, whose "Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe," with its past-generation sentimentality and its past-generation charm, has just been revived (Harper). Selma Lagerlöf is a great enough artist to make the magic "Adventures of Nils" vivid geography. But, in any case, her magic is of a different order from Miss Bonner's, except that both have the inevitable initial slipping of the hero into a magic world as a device for getting him around the country. Selma Lagerlöf reads the human into animals—but so do children—and her animals always behave like animals. She brings old statues to life. But when they are reanimated, they resemble the human beings that children know. Some of us may not think that geographic facts need even this amount of artificial glamor to interest children. But we recognize that Selma Lagerlöf's magic is genuine art. Her magic exaggerates the truth rather than distorts it, it is a device to bring out real relationships both geographic and historic, and it quickens one's sense of the real world as do one's own ears and eyes and fingertips. I cannot feel that Miss Bonner's impersonation of the western hemisphere as a queer "creature who was dressed in a suit of many colors with strange untidy fringes and jagged places here and there" will quicken any child to images or to thought of any value to the child. If a child is appealed to at all by the fancy that the outline of the western hemisphere is the shape of a man, he must either be so young that he has no need of the conception of the western hemisphere in his life or so old that he is already oriented in geographic thinking, so that the preposterousness of the fancy is diverting—in which case, also, he has no need for this device. If this kind of fancy *should* catch a child—which I doubt—would it not lead him to study the shapes of maps for grotesque resemblances to inappropriate objects—surely not a relationship of significance in making him feel that the world is a "living map," which seems to be Miss Bonner's hope? I believe there is no way for children to think of maps as miniatures of their world and the world as a huge map, except through translating the world of their senses into maps and vivifying maps in terms of their world. In the same way I cannot believe that Fairgrieve and Young ("Children of Many Lands. Book One, Human Geography by Grades." Appleton) gain anything by having the Man in the Moon with lantern, dog and bundle of sticks, serve as a guide in transporting school children over the globe. Children who seem to need this type of guide need still more some vivid first-hand geographic experience, such as a trip to a harbor or a railway yard.

It is easy to find fault, and hard, terribly hard, to write for children. I would not be carping. Indeed, I find it exciting that geography is coming in for so much experimentation. But I regret that in children's books the lures of the trade—good paper, wide margins, attractive illustrations, etc.—should go largely to books where the real is treated in disguise. Even more I regret that people who really know facts cannot, as a rule, write with vividness and charm, and that people who really can write with vividness and charm are a little shy or apologetic about facts. Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" is great literature and great geography. Johannes Jensen's "Long Journey" comes near to achieving these two greatnesses. Children, too, deserve both reality and good writing. They get it in some realms now. Another generation of writers may give it to them in geography.

Another yearly crop of books is by writers who think of geography for children largely in terms of travel, and another group who use geography or travel situations as a means of instilling some social point of view. Anna Milo Upjohn's "Friends in Strange Garments" (Houghton Mifflin) has much to recommend it both in content and in attractiveness of physical get-up, but almost every story receives a twist in an attempt to be "helpful" in strengthening the moral fiber of the young readers. Little Serbian Pavlo says "You can *be* great, even if you don't conquer and do grand things." Helen Coale Crew in her "Saturday's Children" (Little, Brown) hopes to get over something social to children. In her preface, she addresses American children who travel in Europe with sightseeing parents—a rather selected group. To them she brings the children of work—with flavor both in setting and language. The thing that remains with me, however, is not the picturesque scenes or the flavor of each of the European countries in which her story children work, but the chronic nobility of the children she depicts.

Karin Michaelis, in writing "Bibi" (translated from the Danish; Doubleday, Page), is completely free from this particular sin. Small Bibi, whose indulgent father is a station-master, has railroad passes by means of which she travels alone through an extraordinary series of adventures. The vivacity of the narrative and the amusing details of everyday life in Denmark make the extravagant plots seem almost plausible and, in any case, forgivable.

Elizabeth Cleveland Miller probably did not mean her "Children of the Mountain Eagle" (Doubleday, Page) as a geography. Yet it is good geography. Probably because she herself led a real life in the Albanian mountains with the mountain children, she has escaped the tourist flavor

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altogether. Her technique—the way she makes you feel the physical environment through its domination over the lives of the people who are in its midst—is good writing as well as good geography. The illustrations, too, are delightfully fresh and vivid. And though both the little heroine and the hero are unmitigatingly noble, their nobility seems more the product of the situations they face and which you share with them than an attempt to uplift the reader.

One more type of geography book must be mentioned. It is as much history as geography. "Cities and Their Stories," by Eileen and Rhoda Power (Houghton Mifflin), does not seem what its sub-title announces, "An Introduction to the Study of European History." Too many facts, intelligible only if you already have a setting for them, and too little of what smites the senses, for an introduction to the cities of Europe. It is history boiled down to a concentrated solution, not history simplified so that the significant relationships stand out.

One more book of the history-geography group—the last and the best. It is a source book, a book which contains raw material out of which historians and geographers fashion their product; it is their tool and, if we would permit children to be historians and geographers, perchance it might be the children's tool as well. The book first appeared in 1589, and, ever since, Hakluyt's "Voyages" (Dutton) or the "Principal Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation," to give half of its real title—has given imperishable delight to those who would touch the past and distant world. I realize that I am being a little unfair in contrasting what John Masefield calls "our English Epic" with any modern book for children. But I have a serious purpose as my justification. None of the books which I have so far mentioned approaches children as young geographers or historians. No one of them aims to be a tool for research. The textbooks aim to teach certain facts. The facts chosen and the teaching devices employed are a great improvement on the old textbooks. Technique is improved, but the old attitude remains. The story books aim to entertain. They, too, have improved over the travel tales of the last generation in form and in content. There are indications that the virtues of these two types may soon be united and a literary geography or a geographic literature may appear for children. Even this would not entirely satisfy me. I want another type of material as well. I want children to have the fun and the excitement of coming into first-hand contact with material from the world that is gone and the world that is far away. I want them not always to live on stuff prepared for them by others. Geographers and historians go to the sources: that is what makes them geographers and historians. This privilege I want for children. I want to turn even quite young children into research workers, or rather, I want them allowed to continue the research methods by which they explore the immediate and present world when they approach the distant and the past world. I want maps which are tools for research, not mere demonstrations. I want diaries by explorers, not mere facts or stories *about* explorers. Some schools are already feeling their way in this direction with children as young as eight. It is in keeping with the most enlightened trend in pedagogy and geography alike. We need more geographies for children which will present geographic facts in relation to human life. We need a literature which will bring the distant world to them by vivid sense and motor images. We need maps and source books which will let children themselves work over the relationship among geographic facts.

LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL.

The Indian West

Red Crow's Brother, by James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

The Flaming Arrow, by Carl Moon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

Stories of Early Times in the Great West, by Florence Bass. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. $1.50.

Deric with the Indians, by Deric Nusbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

Animal Stories the Indians Told, by Elizabeth Bishop Johnson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Tales Worth Telling, by Charles J. Finger. New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

CONFRONTED with a pile of recent books for children, what chiefly daunts the reviewer is the realization that no criterion of books for children has been established; accordingly, the present reviewer finds herself elected to this task not as a critic of books for children, but as the censor of a particular kind and quality of information which goes to the making of the books in hand. Immediately one perceives that here is the beginning of a restriction upon book material for children that does not operate in the reviewing of books for adults. One does feel reasonably under obligation to select the kind and censor the quality of information offered to the young. To what extent it is important or expedient to question the literary form of children's books, your reviewer has never been able to decide, since to set up between the young reader and the choice of his soul *any* barrier of adult taste and literary discrimination would be seriously to limit the possibilities of the particular child's coming into living touch with his own generation. That children's tales of the type that survive from generation to generation are, so far as their form goes, largely selected by adults may, admirable practice as it seems, work frequent unfairness on the generation to which the child arrives. And in any case, there simply are not enough children's books of high literary quality to supply the child's need, not only for current information, but for literary roughage, for a certain amount of unselected material upon which the faculty of instinctive choice may work. Which throws us back upon the original criterions of the *kind* of information —suited to the child's natural interests—and the *quality* of that information, which, since it must always be more or less fragmentary, should be of a type which sets up in the child the right reaction toward all the remainder of the subject to be offered later to a maturer appetite.

The material of practically all the above list is primitive life of one kind or another, or life in contact with primitive conditions and people. It is all, more or less, produced under the necessity which has dawned late upon the American public, of being exact as well as honest about our own aborigines, and most of it is put up by writers whose names in this connection are already known. Naturally one seizes first on "Red Crow's Brother," by James Willard Schultz, knowing that any book by Schultz will have the exact information in the absolute quality that an Indian book must have. The present season's offering is a sequel to "Rising Wolf, the White Blackfoot," and is a story of the Hudson Bay Company's men in the country of the Saskatchewan and our own National Glacier Park. It is an indispensable story for the adventurous age of youth, and precisely the sort of book to read aloud to children, should any elders be found who persist in that once pleasant and profitable pastime; the sort of children's book from

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which adults whose education in the beginnings of American enterprise has been neglected can derive equal profit and entertainment.

"The Flaming Arrow," by Carl Moon, suffers considerably by its juxtaposition to "Red Crow's Brother." Mr. Moon has a surface acquaintance with the Indians who figure in his tale, and with the country in which the tale moves—a tale carefully worked out, but lacking somehow the quality of convincingness. "Deric with the Indians" is the straightforward account of a fourteen-year-old lad—but a lad, it must be remarked, with two singularly well informed parents—of that strip of New Mexico now known as The Indian Detour, and would prove even for adults an excellent preparation for that journey. The information is accurate and the style of the book pleasantly direct; the photographic illustrations are excellent.

"Animal Stories the Indians Told" is a compilation of animal tales selected chiefly from Bureau of Ethnology bulletins, and betrays its parentage on every page, especially when compared with Elizabeth De Huff's "Tay Tay's Tales," which were set down as they were drawn directly from Indian children. Miss Johnson's book is, however, a trustworthy repository of tales suitable for oral retelling, or for supplemental reading in grade schools, all the better that the compiler has not thrust herself into the narrative.

"Stories of Early Times in the Great West," which Miss Florence Bass has evidently written for just the above-mentioned use, is compiled with intelligence and with genuine teaching knowledge, to meet the growing realization in the western states that all the American pioneers did not come over in the Mayflower, and that all the stirring events in our early history did not happen in Plymouth Colony. But, unaccountably, it offends, in a single instance only, in the *quality* of information offered about the California Mission Fathers. Just why Californians themselves should have agreed in smearing over the work of those sturdy Franciscans with a pseudo-medieval sentimentality, even to the extent of imposing it on Miss Bass, it is difficult to say. There is no lack in the original records of interesting and significant incident. The bringing of the flock from Velicatá, the exorcising of the bears from San Antonio, the bull fight at Pala, these and a score of others would have better filled the place of the highly mythical legends of Father Junipero's lodging and the kittens of Father Uria. The rest of the book is well chosen and authentic material of American and Spanish exploration.

The problem of the made-up folk story crops out again in Mr. Finger's "Tales Worth Telling," which includes several veridical primitive tales along with others hybridized and subjected to alien rehandling, in which Mr. Finger's own hand is evident. Stories like "Nini and the Cat" and "The Wizard's Paint Stick" would be acceptable in Childland anywhere. But even in Mexico, where the hybridized folk tale can be found in all the tinsel-tricked offensiveness of half-bred things, or in South America, from which the originals of several of Mr. Finger's tales are drawn, one can find true-bred lore, at once more interesting and informative than some of these included in the present volume. The illustrations are of the same *meztizo* stripe. This is doubly a violation of the young reader's right, for if we know anything about the esthetics of children, it is in relation to what line and tone mean to them, both in representative and expressive drawing. And it is neither fair nor intelligent to invite a child to imagine a wizard from the Gold Coast whose name is Mulu-Nugu in the guise and dress of a twelfth-century European peasant.

These violations are the more flagrant in view of the effort Mr. Finger makes to authenticate his tales by elaborate accounts of how he came by them, and incidents of their publication. Probably the cultivation of literary taste in the rising generation is more dependent upon these things than we have allowed, for, in matters of esthetics, to be able to imagine truly is as important as to be able to know the truth when it is encountered in the written page.

MARY AUSTIN.

The Awkward Age

Raquel of the Ranch Country, by Alida Sims Malkus. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Twinkle, Little Movie Star, by Lorraine Maynard. New York: The Century Company. $1.75.

Midwinter, by Katherine Adams. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE only excuse for most of the books published for girls must be that they are natural feeders for the bulk of fiction which will be offered the same girls when they grow older. They are, as a rule, tiresome, egotistic, thin stories of what happened along the edges of real life, and they often depend for their appeal on a suggested and always flattering resemblance between the heroine and the reader. The morality of girls' books has, fortunately, become more pragmatic than it was in the bad old days of Elsie Dinsmore, but contemporary stories rarely capture the sound domestic setting of the Alcott books, so they have both gained and lost. There seems to be an effort to make the settings modern, and the geography is ransacked in search of novel and picturesque places for adventure. They still often appear in serial sets, and the unimportant doings of some little girl or group of girls are followed through boarding school, vacations, the ups and downs of family fortunes, with marriage occasionally pleasantly hinted at in the distance as the set winds up, and presumably the author dies. Normal girls like such stories well enough, and they are invariably what a book-seller will offer you for a girl from eleven to fourteen, after you explain that you have four copies of "Heidi" and more coming in every Christmas, and that "Kidnapped" and the poems of Nathalia Crane and such standard and exceptional books are already on your daughter's book-shelves. I suppose the average girl's book might be written off as harmless, if you could believe that vitiation of taste is ever harmless, and if you did not know that at those ages girls' minds are appetitive, excessively egotistic, often deeply melancholy, struggling desperately with limitations of thought and expression, shy, and as differentiated in the accenting of all these moods as it is possible to be.

The younger child is in much better case. Fancy, adventure, realism, classic myths, have all been spread before the child in delightful form. But when a girl reaches the gawky age, when she begins to feel romantic and does not look it, when she is full of mysteries and secrets and sorrows, it is not so simple. May Sinclair may be writing about her but not for her. She is still too young for adult reading, barred from much of it by her vocabulary alone. But her mind is keen and active, and has very often been stimulated by fine children's books. Possibly she has read widely and her adolescent mind really goes begging. This is the time, say the wise ones, to introduce her to Dickens and Scott. So we do. She likes Dickens, though she has discrimination enough to yawn when he

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begins to pad his narratives. She reads—with generous skipping—the Waverley novels. But even those run out. Back she comes to "Delia at Boarding School," to "Esther in the Alps," to "Susan," who seems to have been everywhere except on Broadway. Doubtless that is now being taken care of, so that "Susan on Broadway" will soon be published, and what a girlish Broadway it will be!

Raquel, however, who is the heroine of one of the books in hand, was of the ranch country. Mrs. Malkus has written a book far better than the average. The editors of the Girl Scout Magazine knew that girls would like it, and so chose it as a serial. But, none the less, the book is not very strong meat. Its heroine, like all the rest of the girls in such stories, is continually accused of having personality, and never proved guilty of it. And it is personality, of course, which keeps children reading the Alcott books over and over again. Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy, though of different times and different manners, are still interesting because they are individuals. So is Polly Pepper.

Raquel stays within the covers of the book. She is a paper heroine to the end. Girls will like the story. It will be widely read and quickly forgotten. It is a thoroughly acceptable birthday or Christmas present for a thirteen-year-old niece. There are very interesting pictures of ranch life in Texas. There is plenty of action, and the story moves along briskly from beginning to end. The author has no reason to be ashamed of this book, which measures up very well against the average output with which it will be compared. But it is not good enough for its public. In the first place, it has no style. In the second place, it is a story written about girls by an adult, for girls only, instead of being a story written about a girl for anyone to read. That is where so many books of the kind fall down. Possibly the authors cannot help it. But they might remember that girl, boy or adult can read "Treasure Island," "Tom Sawyer," "Ivanhoe" or "David Copperfield." No adult is going to read "Raquel of the Ranch Country," and that is why its girl audience is cheated.

Girls deserve to be part of the general reading public, not a segregated group. They need fiction, for expansion and escape. They like their nature magazines, their history and, occasionally, poetry. But life often seems very hard to them, and that is why they want fiction and drama. Of course, of all the people you can fool about life, growing girls are the most resistant. They are well aware, even at thirteen, that life is neither all hearts nor flowers. They have felt the social hierarchy at school and the pressure of economics at home. They recognize the condiments of living as money, occupation, personal relations, joy and sorrow, and most of them have a straining love of beauty and romance which makes them sometimes wild and sometimes shy.

This somehow ought to be turned to advantage. Wise leaders of girls or relatives do it personally. It is an awkward age, a difficult age to clothe or supply with reading. The common idea is to keep the girls decently covered, give them a wholesome book and wait a few years. Yet I know girls of twelve who are already print addicts, and who can find reading in the blurb on a tomato can, if nothing else is offered them. What is usually offered is the deliberately juvenile girlish story. What they pick up on the side or hunt out in the family or public library is their own business or luck. "Camille," no doubt.

"Twinkle, Little Movie Star" is another girl's book which is almost as labored as its title. It is the story of a child actress who was getting too tall for her parts and of her responsibilities and the hard work she had to go through. There is a trained police dog who shares what honors of interest the heroine may gain. It should be a pitiful and a realistic story. The material is there. The best comment on this book is to remember that other one which dealt with approximately the same subject, a child in a tinsel world, "Toby Tyler." There were Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs, his monkey, and around those two a story which had cruelty and pathos and humor in it. This story of Vivi, the movie child, should have done as well. But when you put it to the test, you find quickly enough that you do not care what happened to this movie child—at least, not greatly. But in "Toby Tyler," when the monkey died, you felt that neither you nor Toby could bear it. This has nothing to do with any trick in writing "juveniles." It refers to the power of interpreting human pain, in old people or in young people, through the medium of language.

The difference between Katherine Adams and the writers of other girl's stories may be that she has greater respect for her public. At any rate, her results are entirely different. She has written a book called "Midwinter" for girls. She did not, one notices, call it "Stella in Midwinter."

The story is somewhat artificial, and in places high-falutin. But it has many lovely pictures of Sweden, and touches of real drama. The thing about her book that sets it apart from the other two is that Miss Adams feels the poetry in her audience, the drama in them, and reaches for it. She writes prose which girls will not forget. Pictures and phrases will stay with them. It is what they should have when they are adolescent: beautiful, delicate writing and psychology, and thought which is sound enough to help them through their mental transitions.

The funny thing is that we shall wonder, later on, why dull books and unimportant stories are still consumed in such quantities. We shall forget the feeders we gave our adolescents. "Raquel of the Ranch Country" will doubtless sell in quantities, a natural feeder to the Zane Grey audience. "Twinkle, Little Movie Star" is a feeder to the novel of contemporary life, which has plenty of recognizable scenes and people in it. "Midwinter" may very possibly be a feeder for the books of Sigrid Undset.

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING.

Trends in Children's Books

UNLIKE the mills of the Gods, the presses seem boundless in output and speed. And if one is caught murmuring, a little sadly, that there are too many children's books, that the new ones are many of them hack, and flooding old favorites, it is as futile as recalling the days when shoes were shoes, not coquetries in ostrich and alligator. So many good things have come with the flood that to moan is silly. Besides, there are rafts. Public libraries are publishing recommended and well classified lists of children's literature. Notably that by "The Bookhouse for Boys and Girls," (Toronto; $2). "The Horn Book," published by the Book Shop for Boys and Girls in Boston, and the "Three Owls" page of the New York Herald Tribune on Sundays, continue to greet the stream of new books with sound literary criticism, and once Holt's "Care and Feeding" is put away, I think every parent might well be guided by one of these two authorities. From Chicago comes "A Handbook of Children's Literature," by Emelyn Gardner and Eloise Ramsay, (Scott,

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Foresman and Company; $2), two normal-school authorities with a zest for the times they live in, and a great sympathy for children's own wayward appetites in books. It may have been intended to awaken teachers to the breadth of the field, and the variety of ways in which life and books go together, but its excellent classifications make it a tool for parents as well. May Lamberton Becker (Adventures in Reading, Stokes; $2), in bringing together her essays published in various magazines, contributes a volume for those in their teens that is an agreeable Baedeker of modern literature.

From Italy comes news of a dictatorship in children's books. Here we still snub the bad books for children, or try to; there, I am told, in one national swoop, nearly 60 percent of the juvenile lists were declared to be "bad," and schools and libraries ceased forthwith to buy them. The censorship was done by a committee of writers and teachers. No sound of protest is heard.

Czechoslovakia has an organization called The Society of Friends of Children's Literature, with Professor M. V. Suk as permanent chairman. A carefully chosen membership of two hundred, with an executive committee of fifteen, deal largely with manuscripts. Three members report on each manuscript. The society reports that, out of 9,000 manuscripts, only 1,500 were approved. Such birth control is as effective as Italian capital punishment.

In Geneva, at the Jean Jacques Rousseau Institute, Dr. Nicholas Roubakine, described by Professor Adolphe Ferrière as *"Le créateur de la psychologie bibliologue,"* continues to make his case studies of reactions to reading. Thirty thousand cases are in the files of this Russian professor. And in Moscow, still other Russian professors at the pedagogical technicum are making records of children's reactions to stories read and told to them, in a large experiment to find out what sounds and subjects interest children, what frighten them, what stimulate them to writing and telling themselves.

A subject that was once so simple that it was merely "a book for Johnny" to keep him quiet, or to reward him, has become mammoth in its pretensions.

An instructor from the Walden School in New York has gone to the Malting House school in Cambridge, England, to supervise an experiment in giving two groups of children, one exclusively scientific material and another what I would call folk-truth. Five or twenty-five years from now, we shall have some sort of firm ground for one foot if not two, to stand on when answering questions about a diet of pastoral legends for machine-age children.

Two things delight me in the last year. The very cheap books show greater improvement than any of the others. Printing concerns in odd places like Akron, Ohio, and Racine, Wisconsin, have turned out literally millions of story books for Woolworth and for the department stores, not always so successfully where they employed modern authors, but admirably when they took over the out-of-copyright stand-bys of the past, and with notable technical advance in type and color printing. A few of the publishers of expensive books murmur, but they need not. Only in this way is the reading public increased. Better five-and-ten books than the tabloids, for that purpose.

And here and there a conservative publishing house like the Macmillan Company recognizes the new day of the masses, and puts out a whole library of first books, at fifty cents. "The Happy Hour Books," durable, in four colors, illustrated by popular artists like Berta and Elmer Hader, will set a fashion, rainbow-colored little Fords among the more expensive books. "Books," teachers and publishers discover, must take the place of "a book." The sense of library and of choice is what children need to get their own step, and to become active in pursuit of what is really special to themselves as individuals. Anthologies like Walter de la Mare's "Readings" (Knopf; $3.50), a selection of English prose that recognizes children's right to all that is rare and strange as well as the accepted classics, is the best of the new ones. It is also one of the signs of the times in that it takes no notice of the hard and fast commercial line betwen "juveniles" and books. The whole range of English prose is drawn on. Children's books suffer from a certain sweetness and specialness. The anthologies make it possible to give them bits of the best and raciest, and by and by they will seek out the rest. It does not hurt them any more than it hurts French children to sing in school the first three verses of merry, even bawdy, songs of the sixteenth century. All in due season they learn gaily and without shock the facts of life—the rest of the song, as it were. Nothing, it seems to me, could be happier than my discovery of one of our conservative publishers of juvenile books gloating over a story of Gargantua. "It's only slightly toned down," she laughed, "and I never saw gayer pictures. Do you think the parents would ruin the rest of my list if I brought it out for those parents who want their children really to grow up?"

Now and then, children capture a book in nowise intended for them. "Above them," the publisher himself would have said. Yet, in spite of the rather stiff chapter on bones, "Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees," by Ida Treat and Ruth Otis Sawtell (Appleton; $3.50), because of its lively reporting of a journey, and its avoidance of didactic explanation, becomes overnight a recognized story for boys and girls. And, *vice versa,* little volumes like Elizabeth Watson's "The Story of Bread" and "The Story of Milk" (Harper; $1.25) are simple and beguiling *résumés* for adults as well, worth two stories of philosophy.

ERNESTINE EVANS.

Blue Beard's Chamber

The Kingdom of the Mind, by June Downey. New York: The Macmillan Company. 207 pages. $2.50.

THERE have been many attempts to open for the young the doors that lead to the wonders of science. I am sure a library of no mean size could be collected of books written with this intent, and most of them more or less worthy. But there has always remained one Blue Beard chamber to which the young have not been offered the key. At last someone has been bold enough to take a chance. Miss Downey, in "The Kingdom of the Mind," offers to boys and girls a chance to have a look into the forbidden chamber of psychology. The book, I should say, is intended for youngsters of high-school age. One must have only praise for the effort, and little else for the success. The style of the book, though slightly condescending, is not offensively so. The scientific accuracy appears to be beyond reproach. It does seem, however, since someone has decided to break the long silence, that it might have been done with a little more of a rattle. "Safety first" is, after all, a grammar-school motto. Just a little dangerous truth, it seems to me, we owe to the more adventurous adolescent. When I was a college student, the physiological psychology which informs us on blind spots, and taste buds, and tone deafness, and color blindness and so on, was about all the world had to offer. Since then, however, whole new vistas have opened up that make psychology a lively instead of a

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dull science. It is too bad that it should still seem necessary to make the first introduction by way of this same wearisome though unquestionably still valid approach. Miss Downey has touched, just ever so slightly, on the subject of intelligence tests. I believe an exposition of this whole subject, its history, its development, its social and educational implications, uses and abuses of tests, would interest the youthful mind, and not corrupt it at all.

Whether the author considers the Kingdom of the Emotions to be under another dynasty, I do not know. But even so, it would seem to be only professional etiquette between kings to mention, just barely, that it exists and is sometimes called psychology. I suppose her reason for omitting it was that she didn't want to start anything. If you mention emotions at all, you are fairly committed to mentioning sex. And to mention sex to high-school students you must have a very special angle of approach—let us say the botanical one. The psychological angle will not do. It makes it too important.

Surely this book of science may safely be put into the hands of any child of any age by his grandmother, Sunday School teacher or boy scout leader without a tremor. And it is fully as interesting as any similar volume on astronomy, geology, chemistry or physics, but not quite as interesting as it might be.

ELISABETH IRWIN.

The Builder's Art

Wonder Tales of Architecture, by L. Lamprey. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

The Children's Book of American Landmarks, by Lorinda Munson Bryant. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

WALTER SCOTT began it. He wrote romances about the past more real than any of the facts the historians had bothered to chronicle; and with his love for old legends and old buildings he gave a fresh impulse to a whole generation of historians and architects. Anyone who sets out to write the "Wonder Tales of Architecture" must write in his shadow. It needs a great warmth of imagination to overcome this bleak fact, for Scott, with all his amiable faults, was a great story teller as well as an antiquary; and I do not find in these "Wonder Tales" any appreciable signs of this warmth. A boy or a girl appear in each episode; and the boy or the girl encounters some great building like the Zigurat of Babylon or the Parthenon or the Church of St. Mark; but neither the story nor the building, for all the author's attempt at patient veracity, comes off. These tales are the lees of Walter Scott's great draught of history. In our generation both history and wonder must come, I think, by a different route.

I do not hold that a history of architecture can have no interest for the girl or boy above, say, the age of ten; on the contrary, it is the objective side of the greater part of man's civic accomplishment on the planet, and taken up and treated in a broad relation to the earth on one hand, and all man's institutions on the other, it is one of the most concrete ways of approaching history. The most interesting book about the habitations of man in all ages, now, alas! out of date and inaccessible, is Viollet-le-Duc's book of that title; and, like one of his treatises on building construction, it was written for children. Miss Lamprey does her best to give these architectural sketches this broad relationship; but she begins, I think, from the wrong end. Had she been able to forget the need for compounding Walter Scott's sugar-coated pellet, had she relied upon the fact that for any well brought up youngster significant and well ordered facts have an interest of their own, as bread and butter has to a hearty appetite, she might have gone Viollet-le-Duc one better.

"The Children's Book of American Landmarks" is one of those dreadful miscellanies which should be ruthlessly suppressed. It consists of alternating pages of photographs and chatty historical text; the landmarks range from the Washington Monument to the temple at Salt Lake City, from a bad statue of William Penn in Philadelphia to a bad statue of The Bird Woman in Oregon. The text bristles with information and high purposes; but it is as chaotic as the items of information in an almanac; and the habits of mind this sort of book fosters are deplorable. And yet—who would not like to see a good picture book of historic photographs? Who would not like to see something like the Yale Press "Pageant of America," done in a more orderly and compact fashion, showing, without more than the barest indication of comment, every part of the country, with its characteristic natural backgrounds, its industries, its houses, its crowds of people, and even its historical monuments? Who would not like to see the surviving monuments of history, placed side by side for each period: the old iron-and-glass railroad station, the Mechanics Hall, the bad gothic church, the pretentious wooden mansion, the dirt road, the awkward iron bridge, the "new" blast furnace, the locomotive, the smoking factory chimney, the iron-fronted office building, the Civil War Memorial embellished with noble but patently cast-iron faces? A good part of our history could be told graphically without verbal interference; and these pictures of the past would enable a child to identify all the survivals and continuations of the past in his own environment. To my limited knowledge, no such graphic and complete presentation of history exists; instead we have these admirable snippets and miscellanies like "The Children's Book of American Landmarks"—which have only one defect: they are snippets and miscellanies.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

From India and Ireland

Jataka Tales Out of Old India, Retold by Marguerite Aspinwall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

The Wonder Smith and His Son, by Ella Young. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.25.

THESE two volumes of folk-lore are an interesting contrast, each with a charm as different as the misty atmosphere of Ireland and the hot daylight of India. The charm of the Irish volume is almost entirely one of glamor. The stories are told in caressing and musical phrases, with touches of imagery and twists of wit; and the chief characters are a Wonder Smith, a poet, a beautiful maiden, a white hound and the sea. But what lies under the glamor? Too often the wisdom is only shrewdness, and the magic is trickery. The poetry is of word and phrase and color that, once spoken, leaves little but a tune in the memory.

The Indian tales are, by contrast, matter-of-fact. But they have a deeper wisdom and a humor far beyond wit. The Irish stories are those of a nation, with a quite individual loveliness, but the tales of Old India have a strength and simplicity that make them part of the great folk-lore of the world. They are, for that very reason, I

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WITH justifiable pride LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY offers to "New Republic" readers its new books for boys and girls. ¶ Not one of the books from Little, Brown & Company is "just another juvenile." Each adds something fresh and worthwhile to children's literature. Each meets a definite need. Each has qualities to commend it to the intelligent adult buyer and the normal boy and girl reader. ¶ First among this year's books there is the prize-winning story, THE TRADE WIND, by Cornelia Meigs. A prize of $2,000 was offered for the story best fitted to stand beside the copyrighted favorites in The Beacon Hill Bookshelf. Four hundred authors competed; Miss Meigs won. Her story is a stirring one of a Yankee lad in the days just preceding the Revolution. The lad goes to sea to avenge his father's memory and serve his country—and he achieves both with distinction. ¶ Besides "The Trade Wind" three new titles appear in The Beacon Hill Bookshelf, EIGHT COUSINS, ROSE IN BLOOM, and WHAT KATY DID AT SCHOOL. ¶ There are five other stories this year. For the younger children there are LONGLEGS THE HERON by Thornton W. Burgess, and a charming new edition of JOLLY GOOD TIMES by Mary P. Wells Smith. The older girls and boys will enjoy HIDDEN ISLAND, an adventure-mystery tale about real boys, by Anworth Rutherford; THE REAL REWARD by Christine Whiting Parmenter, who writes well of brothers, sisters and a mystery; and * THE LAND OF PROMISE by Margaret Lynn, in which a pioneer girl of Kansas proves herself a heroine. ¶ Young people of foreign countries make delightful book playmates. It is a pleasure to introduce to American children THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF OTHER LANDS by Dorothy Margaret Stuart, one of The Romance of Knowledge Series; SATURDAY'S CHILDREN by Helen Coale Crew, with its merry Tonia, Marda, Peter Dempsey and others; and CHILDREN OF ANCIENT GAUL by L. Lamprey, in which certain children of the past live again. ¶ Man has always needed heroes to inspire him. If he could not find them, he created them. THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF EPIC HEROES by Amy Cruse, tells the story of such great characters as Odysseus, Sigurd, Robert Bruce. South American wonder workers appear in the tales of folklore collected in THE MAGIC TOOTH by Elsie Spicer Eells. And heroic men and women of the present move in HEROES OF MODERN ADVENTURE by T. C. Bridges and H. Hessell Tiltman. ¶ Imagination cannot surpass the romance and beauty of reality. This truth is evident in * THE GATEWAY TO AMERICAN HISTORY, a rare pictorial record of American exploration and colonization by Randolph G. Adams, and in * OLD TESTAMENT STORIES by Eulalie Osgood Grover, in which eighty-eight Bible stories form a continued narrative. ¶ All these books are priced at $2.00, except "Longlegs the Heron," $1.75; "Children of Ancient Gaul," $1.75; * "Old Testament Stories," $2.50; * "The Gateway to American History," $3.00.

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think, much more likely to be loved by children, especially in this artfully simple adaptation. Even their delicious humor is of the soberly stated kind that children relish. It lies not in the deft turn of a phrase, but in the whole turn of the story. The peculiarly Indian character of the tales comes out in the treatment of the animals, humorous but respectful. The Bodhisatta is ostensibly their hero. But in reality, lions, elephants and monkeys play most of the leading roles, while crabs and jackals are the villains. The king of the monkeys is the noblest character of them all; and the story of "The Monkey's Heroic Self-Sacrifice," in which this wise old leader makes a bridge of his own body to lead his foolish race into safety, is perhaps the most beautiful in the book. Like all folk wisdom, the simple morals of these stories are stated in platitudes. They teach their youthful readers, explicitly, to live in righteousness according to the law and to be kind to the poor. But they have an implicit wisdom far beyond this—sad and humorous, yet childlike, the wisdom of an old race. The stories hold the substance for endless applications, like all the great folk-tales that have ever been told.

RUTH SUCKOW.

The Tiger Who Walks Alone

The Tiger Who Walks Alone, by Constance Lindsay Skinner. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE boy who reads this book will find his admiration about equally divided between that noble Montalban, man of iron will and reckless sentiment, General de Méndez, alias "The Tiger Who Walks Alone," and the young Dick Wynn. More likely, each boy will become the Dick of this story, bestowing undeviating loyalty on the astounding Méndez, who is composed in adversity as in success, able to quick-change into a dress-suit in a cab in the London fog, tame bloodthirsty Turks, charm men over the dinner-table, or lead his people to liberty across jungle and pampas. What boy would not like to be sixteen and look two years older, and be wafted into the full rush of a South American revolution, where he could save his hero's life at least twice, and once when the fate of the whole enterprise hung in the balance, and even outdo his hero in complimenting a black-eyed señorita, his table-companion at the banquet of victory? Yet Dick remains a boy, his jokes, good healthy boy's jokes, his level-headed solutions of difficulties, just those happy solutions that youth would discover; and in his enthusiasm, his loyalties, his sunny frankness, he is perhaps closer to ideal manhood than most of us these later days. The other characters are simple but faithful: the likable Juan Pérez, with his pet marmoset and mackaw, riotously jealous of their *dueño,* who endure all the difficulties of camp and trail. Juan Pérez, a man who murdered for money, not from malice, and who in his shrewdness, trickery, joviality, alternate cowardice and reckless courage, typifies so vividly a certain type of South American *mestizan.*

There is, in this adventure, no blatant race-superiority, but plenty of wholesome humor over the foibles of both Latin Americans and northerners. The book is written by one who obviously knows her Latin America and its people; and in a dozen unconscious ways provides a most liberal education, in simple terms, of the life and psychology of our southern neighbors.

CARLETON BEALS.

"Downright Dencey"

EXCEPT for "Seth Way," a story of the New Harmony colony, all Mrs. Snedeker's stories have been of ancient Greece. "Downright Dencey" (Doubleday Page; $2), is a tale of Quaker life in New England before and after the war of 1812 and in that spot—but let Mrs. Snedeker tell it:

> When the white fire of New England life sprang up along the Massachusetts coast, a spark of it blew far out to sea and became—Nantucket.
>
> Here was to be seen, as in a diminishing glass, a tiny New England, delicately outlined—intensified—in a word, islanded. Here were the New England character and hardihood, its God-fearing and mental eagerness, yet all sensitively changed, individualized, so that they became Nantucket and no other. Instead of the stony fields of New England, the Nantucketers plowed the wide ocean, and at this period of their history, their harvest was gathered from pole to pole. By its industry, this low, sandy island, eighteen miles long, produced enough whale oil to light half the cities of the world, including London.

The story opens with a group of Quaker children on their way to the ancestral Coffin school, the boys "progressing by means of a game of leap frog" in keeping with the spring, the girls walking with "a decorousness due partly to admonition, and partly to the flowing skirts, and the stays with inch-wide whale bones, which held their childish bodies slenderly erect." In their midst moves that eager, impetuous person, Dionis Coffyn, known as "Dency." As they turn into State Street (now the famous Main Street of Nantucket) there come swarming up from the docks the boys of the Fragment Society—the charity school of the island. They follow on the heels of the Quaker children with taunts, including their ribald chantey:

> If I was a Coffin, I'd go in the ground,
> For that is the place where Coffins are found.

Their teasing cries fix upon Dencey—"Hi, Dionis Coffyn, Tomboy!" Suddenly the crowd has added to it a ragged boy at whom the others shout, "Hi, Jetsam, Jetsam! Saved off the wreck like a ole piece o' wood." The new arrival, in his rage thinking Dencey one of his tormentors, shrills at her, "Hello, Nigger-face! Portuguee girl!" Dencey can stand no more. After Jetsam she speeds, followed by the crowd, "out beyond the streets, beyond the lanes, until along the open road in the commons her stone hits the boy's shoulder, cutting so deep that he falls to the ground." This is the root of the story. This girl of mental energy, courage, joy in beauty, has injured a poor outcast boy. So he becomes her responsibility.

Inside this book, beautifully written and complete, is the Nantucket life of long ago, seen from the midst of Lydia Coffyn's home with the love of husband and wife at its core; the calm executive strength of Lydia and her great desire to do right as its daily steadying, sometimes oppressive, force; and the richness, zest and beauty which Tom Coffyn brought into the house and made a part of it in his episodic visits, tangible signs of beauty in rugs and vases from China; which the Suffering Committee frowned upon and forebade, but which remained in Lydia's home.

BERTHA E. MAHONY.

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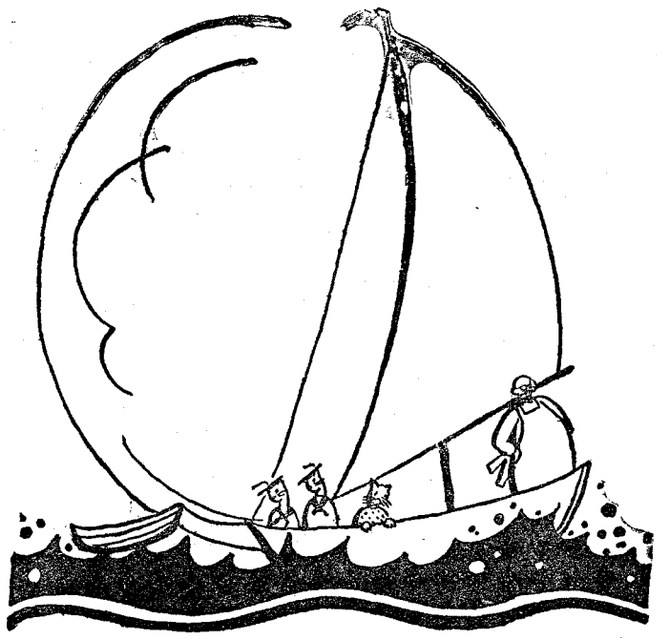

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The Sympathetic Spy

Gray Eagle, by Herbert Ravenel Sass. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

IN "Gray Eagle," Herbert Ravenel Sass has brought to us the inner life of the Carolina marsh. We see through a keen, appreciating, nature-loving eye the silent and sudden dramas of wild life that so often pass by unheralded in the daily furor of machine-made life. Dramas that strike to the depths and move our thickly skinned hearts with the most primitive feelings of love and joy, anger and hate. Intimate pictures from nature's book, whose pages are so often closed to that highest of the animals who rules the rest by fear.

Throughout these living pages the reader thrills at the spectacle of war to the death between a golden and a bald-headed eagle as they grapple far above the mountain-top; he almost weeps at the last stand of Awi Agwa, the giant elk; he squirms with the big rattler as he gamely struggles to the end against the coils of the king-snake; his heart is filled with tearful joy at the hairbreadth rescue of Sanute, leader of the ibis flock; or of Ringtail, the marauding, wise old fox; or of Cloud King, the game peregrine falcon. But above all the rest comes the almost perfect charm and absolute suspense that quickens the heartbeats of the reader of "Eyes." Sandy Jim, so silent and motionless that he becomes a part of the stump upon which he is sitting, watched by those four pairs of eyes—the hard, stony eyes behind the old oak trunk; the large, expectant eyes hidden in the brown grass; the unwavering, glittering eyes in the sweet gums; and the fearing and hating eyes in the myrtle thicket. Could the author claim but this one sketch as the only product of his pen, his fame would still travel afar among old and young alike.

ALBERT GALLATIN LANIER.

The American Past

The Trade Wind, by Cornelia Meigs. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.

As the Crow Flies, by Cornelia Meigs. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

"THE TRADE WIND," by Cornelia Meigs, which won the Beacon Hill Bookshelf prize, blows straight out of the days when revolution was brewing between England and her colonies in America. A chain of rapid-moving circumstances sends David Denison off as a supercargo aboard the schooner "Santa Maria" (or "Anna Maria" as they later call her), with his father's old shipmate, Andrew Bardwell.

The "Santa Maria" was unlucky from the start (some said her keel had been laid on a Friday). Her captain and crew fail in their secret mission, and before seeing the New England coast again they meet with pirates and smugglers, tilt with the King's officers and are boarded by Carib Indians. As they follow the path of the trade winds, exchanging flour, rum, tobacco, for Eastern goods, one adventure follows another.

Here is excellent writing—the description of the British man-of-war "Pegasus" that passes close by them under full rig "sails away with David's heart," and the reader's too.

"As the Crow Flies" is a story of the Mississippi River in the days succeeding the Louisiana Purchase. Zebulon Pike with a group of young men voyage up the river in canoes to learn its length, carrying to the Indians along the way the word of good will from the Great White Father—but the word is coldly received. A British trader who knows the young man's mission seeks to discredit it by spreading the news of his coming.

Black Hawk, especially, hates all white men. The old chief sends a messenger of his own by land to warn other river tribes, hoping to make an end of the expedition before it reaches the head waters. The young Indian runner, Natzoon, heads north through the woods, as the crow flies, with hatred in his heart for all white men, and a strange loneliness tormenting him. Blood of Chippeway as well as Sax-and-Fox flows in Natzoon's veins. Outcast from both tribes, should he never return, none would mourn him. He flits through the woods, now sighting the white men's canoes as they make their way slowly against the dangerous currents or fight the mocking rapids, now losing them for days at a time.

Cornelia Meigs has never done anything better than this story. The play of Indian nature against white, the sense of the dominance of the great Mississippi River over the lives of those who live close to it, are both subtly conveyed.

JACQUELINE OVERTON.

Old-World Treasure

The Pale Mountains; Folk Tales from the Dolomites, by Carl Felix Wolff. Translated by Francesca La Monte. Illustrated by Anne Merriman Peck. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

Gessar-Khan, A Legend of Tibet. Told by Ida Zeitlin. Illustrated by Theodore Nadejen. New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.

HERE are two caravans of folk-lore, which, despite common treasures of magic and *diablerie,* differ from one another as pastel pink from violet purple. In the first, earth princes in love with moon princesses, friendly birds and nightingales, black, but not too potent wickedness, sadness and yearning of the heart, are woven together in pleasant, wistful patterns. Though the prose style is not quite good enough for the content, this reviewer enjoyed "The Pale Mountains," and recommends it for children over ten.

"Gessar-Khan," on the other hand, some parents would say, is *Nicht für kinder.* Not for sex reasons, but because, in the gorgeous reaches of its terrible beauty, the imagination is so adultly stretched; because too, the legend—written in times when wars and violence did not depend on propaganda, but were of the very stuff of existence—goes too gory, too often. Arrows are "so potent that each one slew one thousand warriors ere it sank earthward." Magic swords destroy ten thousand in a few hackings. The details of individual slayings are not spared us.

Yet this legend of a Tibetan hero, born with forty-five gnashing teeth, and sent by Buddha to restore peace to Asia, is not all vengeance and cruel wile. It has moments of quiet beauty. You can scarce refrain from reading aloud such sentences as this: "And as he spoke sleep came to him and she led a dream by the hand." Indeed, even while arrows fly in the air, come hints of peace: "For some bowmen have such skill that when they have shot their arrows from the bow, a man may thrice brew tea to slake his thirst ere they return again."

There is humor, too, and the book is juicy with the

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exaggerations which so pungently flavor Eastern lore. Even when it recalls Jack and the Beanstalk, how it outcrunches Jack's upstart giant! As when, to get the breakfast crumbs out of the way, Gessar-Khan's giant calls for his pike. "And from the crevices of his teeth he dislodged the bones of forty men and let them fall to earth. Then . . . he sate him down to a feast of roasted elephants and lions."

Symbolism, of course, lurks in odd corners of the tale —the little fish or wasp which one character or another releases now and then from a nostril represents the soul of the owner of the nostril.

Ugliness and beauty, thunderous crashing dissonance and sweet, still silence, all colors and shapes of magic, blood and laughter, Gargantuan fantasies—these and more also are in the caravan of this grand, lusty legend.

VIOLA PARADISE.

Doing Right by the Cowboy

The Log of a Cowboy, by Andy Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 324 pages. $2.

Jinglebob, by Philip Ashton Rollins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 263 pages. $2.50.

EVER unabashed, Hollywood keeps turning out Western films, showing cowboys as rip-roaring gunfighters who devote much time to rescuing girls from peril. And often they portray the cowmen with neckerchiefs tied in front, when actually the knot was tied behind, said cloth being used not as a decoration, but as a mask to keep dust out of the lungs and as a remover of perspiration.

The cowboy is spoken of here in the past tense, for as a tribe he has ceased to exist. No longer have we a frontier; the cattle trails which once saw great drives of beef, hundreds of miles at a stretch, are only memories.

Since the movie producers have little regard for actuality, we must look to literature to preserve the truth of the cattle-trail era for us. Certainly it deserves preservation. . . . Andy Adams did excellently when he wrote "The Log of a Cowboy."

Adams spent twelve years in the saddle in Texas. He began writing when broke, after seeing the ludicrous and false depiction of cattle-range life in Hoyt's farce, "A Texas Steer." Patiently he set down cow-country events as he knew them, then sought, and evidently got, competent criticism. "The Log of a Cowboy" is the work of a realist.

In the story, Thomas Moore begins his days as a cowboy in a drive of 3,000 cattle from Mexico to Montana. He tells vividly of night herding, fording swift rivers, cow-thieves, renegade Indians, No Man's Land, and of doings in Dodge, Kansas, when force was law. Women are absent from the story, as they were from the lives of most cowmen. But romance is there. And youths and grown-ups, reading this record, may well sigh for those keen days now gone.

Mr. Rollins has done a good job in his book, "Jinglebob," presented as a true story of a real cowboy. He tells of two young tenderfeet from the East who go to live and work on an uncle's ranch. Here too is reality—long drives, bad horses, rustlers, the death of a brother in trying to rope a heavy steer, and loss of animals in the winter drift, when stock escapes from a blizzard, only to die in box canyons when snow cuts off exit. The story is rich in the vernacular of the cow-lands, and there is an illuminating preface.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL.

Beasts and Books

WHEN you are knee-high to a grasshopper, the world is full of heroes, from rabbits, Peter or Brer, to the Elephant's Child; and this rule is so safe that it opens a flood-gate for animal stories. They fairly slosh from the presses, none quite so vivacious as the "Just-so Stories," so immortal as the Cheshire Cat, or such straightaway and beautiful account of the natural world as Beebe's "Jungle Peace." But they are the inventions and the observations of our time, and so full of real or assumed gaiety in their formats that many of them deserve to be invited to the party on the bookshelves with the old favorites. Peggy Bacon's "The Lion-hearted Kitten" (Macmillan; $1.75), written for very little children, and illustrated by herself, has the most style—a certain sly swish to the sentences and a worldly fillup in morals, delightful change from average in children's books. These illustrations, by one of the most distinguished etchers in America, should interest art collectors as well as parents aiming to engage the young. "Gay Neck," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji (Dutton; $2), for older children, is the story of a Calcutta carrier pigeon who is sent to France during the War for work on the front. But it is not in the war adventures that the story is at its best, but rather in Gay Neck's hatching, his lessons in flight and direction, the dramatic encounters with hawks and buzzards, and his mating, against the background of the competitions between thousands of pigeon fanciers in the ancient city. Mukerji builds a more footworthy bridge between East and West than Kipling, and this, his fourth book for children, is a distinguished contribution. Boris Artzybasheff's decorations are altogether beautiful. "Fireside Stories," collected by Veronica Hutchinson (Minton, Balch; $2.50), humorously illustrated by Lois Lenski, again, are for little children, an excellent compilation of salty folk-tales of peasant adventures among the beasts. "The Good Natured Bear," by the author of "A London Doll," is the resurrection of a fifty-year-old favorite, brought out in the Macmillan Little Library. It is the story of an orphan bear who learns to talk German, and travels in a medicine show, and almost, but not quite, until the final miracle, is human. A bucket of mystery and a bucket of tears precede the happy ending. Long life to such a story! "Peppi the Duck," by Rhea Wells (Doubleday; $2), is a tame but engaging biography of a duckling, told in great detail, and children are gluttons for details. "I Know a Secret," by Christopher Morley, (Doubleday; $2), is the much-heralded tale of children and their cat Fourchette and the snail Escargot. Parents may like to read it aloud, and Long Island children get most of the references, but it has no especial life outside what someone has called the Morley "tutti-quaintness," and is not a patch on "To and Again" by W. R. Brooks (Knopf; $2), with Adolfo Best-Maugard's hoop-la drawings, describing the migration of a whole farmside to Florida. "Sarah's Dakin," (Dutton; $2), by Mabel Robinson, who conducts the course on children's literature at Columbia, is of another, less fanciful *genre*. Dakin is a collie and Sarah a child in Maine who goes to country fairs and graduates from high school, and cooks for her father. "Prancing Pat," by Helen Fuller Orton (Stokes; $1.25), celebrates the horse in a simple picture-book tale. "Uncle Sam's Animals," by Margaret Frances Fox (Century; $2), is not literature, but a fair collection of colorful facts about

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seals, bison, postal dogs, Indian-reservation mules and the failure of the government to make a go of camel transport in Texas. Mary Hastings Bradley, in "Alice in Jungleland" (Appleton; $2), describes her five-year-old child's adventures on an African hunting trip. The illustrations, by the child herself, are quite worth the price of the book, and if, instead of "Mummy's" rather tedious writing about Alice and Daddy and Mummy, there had been more pictures and Alice's own captions, even Deric and David might have found her a favorite author. "The Somersaulting Rabbit," by Marion Bullard (Dutton; $2), is amusing in a pink gingham sort of way. I like more smell and fur and hint of "Tiger, Tiger" in my animal stories, and always did. E. E.

Picture Tales

The Skin Horse, by Margery Williams Bianco. Illustrated by Pamela Bianco. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

THIS slender book seems to us about perfect. The brief, pathetic tale relates the love of a sick child for an ancient toy, and how their mutual wish came true on Christmas Eve. Scattered throughout this seasonable fantasy, which is recounted with fluent grace, weave Pamela Bianco's lovely drawings, delicate vignettes that star the pages, and full-sized pictures faintly tinted and, if possible, even more ravishing. Her designs are tactful and adroit, her workmanship is exquisite. As to the make-up, the shape, size, end papers, cover, title page, all show wisdom and discernment on the part of those concerned. There are no flaws that we can see in this artful little volume.

The Magic Pawnshop, by Rachel Field. Decorations by Elizabeth MacKinstry. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

THE little girl who comes to the pawnshop looking for a miracle to save her sick uncle's life (a nice touch), the pretty young woman who pawns her real New England conscience for a costume to wear to the ball, Joe-the-Postman and Miss Minerva MacLoon, the old witch who keeps the pawn-shop, (who has a live broom called Charlie). Elizabeth MacKinstry's decorations are quite in the right spirit.

Mickey and the Monkeys, by Victorine Kirk. With drawings by Christopher Rule. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

MICKEY and the Monkeys" is an entertaining tale with plenty of lively illustrations. It is exciting without being in the least terrifying, and has a great many rudimentary jokes of a sort children can enjoy.

The Popover Family, by Ethel Calvert Phillips. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

THIS kind of story would be better adapted to a picture book. The text is not lively, whereas the pictorial appeal to most little girls would be great. Doll-house happenings must be seen in plastic detail to become thrilling; and when the illustrations are pleasing the child may be entranced. But this book is ill-endowed in this respect, with dull pictures, to the niggardly number of four.

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Pantaloon, by Edith Keeley Stokely. Illustrated by Gertrude A. Kay. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.

SUCH a gay volume, with large colorful decorations, would please any child. It concerns two children who find their way into Toyland by a very original process, have many adventures and see Santa Claus—ingredients which make it a nice Christmas present.

Skipping Village, by Lois Lenski. Illustrated by the author. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $2.50.

MISS LENSKI has done some magic; she has waved her wand, so to speak, and lo, what was nothing but the sleeping memory of a small country town has sat up with a start. It is not, probably, the real town that used to be which flickers with such superficial brightness before our eyes in the pages of this odd and fascinating book, but the curious, delightful place at which an observant child once stared. The village of Greenhill is seen again with all the glamor of childish eyes. The pictures are at least as important as the text; they are witty and skillful, never monotonous; so that the mother who reads this aloud will delight herself as much as the child.

Lady Green Satin and Her Maid Rosette; The History of Jean Paul and his Little White Mice. Translated from the French of the Baroness Des Chesnez. Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE personages who figure in the title of this book are two white mice, found, tamed, trained by Jean Paul, the small hero, and forced to make his fortune and that of his mother and sisters. It is a novel for children, long though far from tedious, written by a French lady many years ago—a pathetic and beautiful story, replete with that long-lost, sincere and lovely piety. Jean Paul and his concerns grow very real and absorbing to the reader, be the latter old or young. The life of the peasants is drawn with feeling and veracity. The boy's travels and trials remind us a little of the troubled young lives that Dickens so often dwelt upon, and will cause the children to weep and the elders to sniff till the dear old happy ending.

The Story of Naughty Kildeen, by Marie, Queen of Rumania. Illustrated by Job. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THIS is a pleasant tale about a bad little princess who causes everyone much trouble and who is finally licked into shape by a lot of solicitous eagles. The book is devoted to an account of Kildeen's fits of temper and the strong measures taken by the eagles to correct them, culminating in Kildeen's complete reform. The strain of sentimentality in the story is modified by mild humor; and the illustrations by Job are agreeably adequate. Staunch democrats will be grateful for this two-dollar edition of a formerly royal, ten-dollar book.

A Merry-Go-Round of Modern Tales, by Caroline D. Emerson. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

THIS volume deals with such gross material things as telephones, steam rollers and washing machines, and contains as much fantasy as might be found in almost

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any book of fairy tales. The substance is new to folk-lore, and should seem far closer to the child of the age than the doings of kings and princesses. With so many marvellous contraptions in constant use about them, the imagination of children may be moved less by the thought of elves, fairies, dragons and giants than by the notion of papa's new car or the fascinating device from the ten-cent store for slicing hard-boiled eggs. Inventions of one kind have superseded inventions of another; Caroline Emerson makes an offering of flesh upon the altar of fable. Lois Lenski's illustrations are perfect for a book wherein the real and the whimsical are so combined.

Sambo and Snitch, by Algernon Blackwood. Illustrated by Audrey Teago. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

THE longing to be little seems one of the subtle sources of fairy-lore. What human has not wished that he might dart about with the deftness and speed of some small bird or insect, hide in a crack, be invisibly minute, and slyly spy upon an elephantine world? The child Sambo is befriended by a lizard, he is bewitched and dwindles to a lizard's length, and goes upon a vast adventure. A charming and enthralling thought, well suited to the talent of Algernon Blackwood.

Italian Peep-Show, and Other Tales, by Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Rosalind Thornycroft. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

HERE are mild exotic tales told with grace and illustrated with taste. The collection has delicate flavor: original stories and folk-tales are intermingled in a varied pattern. The full pages in color, also the vignettes, are pleasing, and suit well the loveliness of the text, the whole tending to assist childhood toward literary understanding.

The Adventures of Andy, by Margery Williams Bianco. Illustrated by Leon Underwood. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.

THE adventures of Andy are all pleasant, at least for the reader, for Andy is a wooden doll, and so nothing very painful can happen to her. Moreover, the style in which the tale is written is so merry that her few harrowing experiences will make even sensitive and soft-hearted children laugh. It is a delicious work, with many touches of delicate humor throughout. It ripples along in a sunny stream of seemingly artless but actually artful prattle, a mixture of fun, fancy and poetry. We commend the publishers of this book for securing Leon Underwood to do the illustrations, although we feel that they could be better of their kind.

Rhymes of If and Why, by Betty Sage. New York: Duffield. $2.

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He pores over the strange pictures which he calls "New York," since "New York" means city to him. He roars with glee over the tail pieces, most of which are tragic masks. He is fascinated by the eccentric black and white drawings.

This is not so surprising when you come to look at the pictures. The real mystery lies in the fact that he wants to hear the stories read. He listens very attentively and apparently with complete comprehension. He demands that they be read again and again. This, of course, is outrageously hard on the parent. I think even Mr. Hecht would rather read Peter Rabbit twelve times over than any one of those stories.

What does he think of these gory tales? Johnny's only comment is that they are "so funny." Hecht, in that house, is as permanent a god as Mother Goose. What does it mean?

ELIZABETH MERRELL.

Oriental Changelings

The Moon's Birthday, by Dorothy Rowe. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

The Wind that Wouldn't Blow, by Arthur Bowie Chrisman. New York: E. P. Dutton Company. $2.50.

FOR children everywhere, the far-away lands have a particular charm—a fact on which many writers of juvenile stories count heavily. Both these books of Chinese tales are born of the romance of the unfamiliar, but they are not twins for all that.

No one familiar with last year's cargo for the children needs to be persuaded of the worth of Mr. Chrisman's shipment. His "Shen of the Sea" has blown fresh winds through this second book. From every corner of the Kingdom the winds bring legends—now of "A Garden Down in Kiang-Sing," then of "The Was-a-Boy"; now of "The Sonless King"; then of "The King Who Had No Daughter." Oo-Loong—the dragon with the sulphur breath—twists in and around the story of the discovery of tea, while the Superior Dragons of the sky snort vengeance on the princess who painted their pictures on her fir-flower tablets, thereby—or so they thought—chaining them to the earth.

In comparison, the book by Miss Rowe is unexciting. To be sure, her stories of Chinese customs are apparently designed for younger children. But it seems a pity that she yielded to the temptation of sentimentality. As it is a pity that there is not some law wiping the words "little" and "very" from the vocabulary of the writer of juvenile books.

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There is a delicacy in the threads out of which she weaves her tales that would be almost lost in the loom, were it not for the insight of the two Chinese who carried her thought into the pictures. The customs she describes are dear to her, and she has sought to make her young readers share the fascination in the Feast of Lanterns, in the traveling show of magic-playing mice, in the celebration given to a Chinese boy when he puts babyhood behind him. But the children in her stories are as fluttery as paper petals, and the Flowery Kingdom seems a mirage.

In no way is the contrast in the two books more keenly sensed than in the kitchens, as the Feast of Lanterns draws near. In the culinary department run by Miss Rowe:

> Little Brightness climbed on a stool and rested his arms on the table and watched.
>
> "Oh, those are rice-flour balls. I know how they taste. There is sugar and spice in the middle, and when they are cooked and I eat them, the sweet part comes out like syrup."

But in the other:

> The house was filled with coaxing odors. Firstly, were cakes called melt-in-the-mouth. Secondly, dumplings rich with preserved pumpkin blossoms. Thirdly, shark fins. Cabbages heaped in a largest pot. Carambolas between sheets of dough. Apples that had ripened into red, hidden under coats of sugar gum. Old eggs out of the ashes. Arbutus fruit in red sugar. But choicest of all was a fat pig's ham.

CONSTANCE NAAR.

Contributors

BERTRAND RUSSELL, English philosopher and writer, now lecturing in America, is author of "Proposed Roads to Freedom," "The Analysis of Mind," and many other books.

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CONSTANCE NAAR is Book Review Editor of The Bookman.

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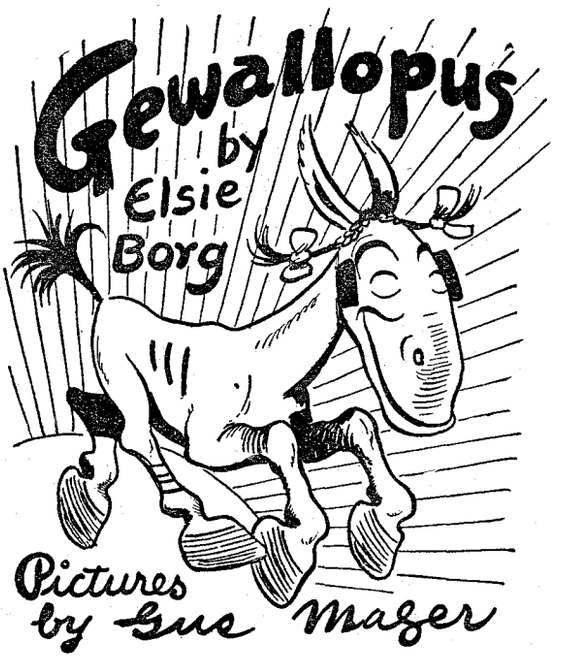

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Illustrated by Luxor Price

A book that will live through every child's mind to parenthood.

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